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POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

THE RETURNING PESTILENCE.

BY JOHN C. LORD, D. D.

By river and fountain,
By desert and plain,
Over valley and mountain
I am coming again
To execute judgment—an angel of wrath,
With terror and anguish and death in my path.

In the East I began,
O'er the dark jungles sweeping;
In the old Hindoostan
Was wailing and weeping.
From the plague-smitten city, e'en the Parians flee
And Ganga, corps-burthened, rolls on to the sea.

On the flower-scented gale
Is the taint of my breath,
And Persian wives wail,
For the Angel of Death.
In the land of the rose his shadow hath cast,
And riven the hopes of their hearts as he passed.

Then Siberian snows
In my passage I crossed,
And the death-wail arose
In the regions of frost.
For the ice-monarch's mantle was there no defence
'Gainst the life-quelling touch of the pestilence.

By the sign of salvation
I paused for a time;
From each Christian nation
Rose voices of crime.
Though the symbol was there, the substance was gone,
To the harvest of death I passed speedily on.

Then Russia—the cold—
In my pathway I swept,
And in Moskwa the old
The grey-headed have wept.
Who saw, without tears, their palaces fired
For Him whose commission at Moscow expired.

And onward advancing,
Like a strong man from wine,
Where the sunbeams are dancing
In the land of the vine.
With the step of a giant, death's wine-press I tread,
Before me the living—behind me the dead.

Weep, Maids of Vienna!
Howl, Paris and Rome!
The gates of Gehenna
Are opening for doom.
The plague-cart shall wait by your mansions of pride,
The rich with the poor to the dark house shall ride.

At the last I shall sail
For the star-bannered West,
And my barque shall not fail
O'er the ocean's broad breast
To land me long dreaded—though ship-mates may sleep
Where o'er the sea-buried, the Mermaidens weep.

THE BRIDE OF FATE.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

[CONCLUDED.]

"Mother," said the stranger, "I am here."

"You say not who you are," answered the woman.

"Nor shall say," was the abrupt reply of the stranger. "That, you said, was unnecessary to your art—to the solution of the questions that I asked you."

"Surely," was the answer. "*My art, that promises* to tell the of the future, would be a sorry fraud could it not declare the present—could it not say who thou art, as well as what thou seekest."

"Ha! and thou knowest!" exclaimed the other, his hand *suddenly feeling within the folds of his cloak*, as he spoke, as if for a weapon, while his eye glared quickly around the apartment, as if seeking for a secret enemy.

"Nay, fear nothing," said the woman calmly. "I care not to know who thou art. It is not an object of my quest, otherwise it would not long remain a secret to me."

"It is well! mine is a name that must not be spoken among the homes of Venice. It would make thyself to quail couldst thou hear it spoken."

"Perhaps! but mine is not the heart to quail at many things, unless it be the absolute wrath of Heaven. What the violence or the hate of man could do to this feeble frame, short of death, it has already suffered. Thou knowest but little of human cruelty, young man though thy own deeds be cruel!"

"How knowest thou that my deeds are cruel?" was the quick and passionate demand, while the form of the stranger suddenly and threateningly advanced. The woman was unmoved.

"Saidst thou not that there was a name that might not be spoken in the homes of Venice? Why should thy very name make the hearts of Venice to quail unless for thy deeds of cruelty and crime? But I see further. I see it in thine eyes that thou art cruel. I hear it in thy voice that thou art criminal. I know, even now, that thy soul is bent on deeds of violence and blood, and the very quest that brings thee to me now is less the quest of love than of that wild and selfish passion which so frequently puts on his habit."

"Ha! speak to me of that! This damsel, Francesca Ziani! 'Tis of her that I would have the speak.—Thou sadst that she should be mine, yet lo! her name is written in the "Book of Gold," and she is alloted to this man of wealth, this Ulric Barberigo."

"She will never be the wife of Ulric Barberigo."

"Thou saidst she should be mine,"

"Nay; I said not that."

"Ha!—but thou liest!"

"No! Anger me not, young man! I am slower, much slower to anger than thyself—slower than most of those who still chafe within this mortal covering—yet am I mortal like thyself, and not wholly free from such foolish passions as vex mortality. Chafe me, and I will repulse the with scorn. Annoy me, and I close upon thee the book of fate, leaving the to thee blind paths which thy passions have ever moved thee to take."

The stranger muttered something apologetically.

"Make me no excuses. I only ask thee to forbear and submit. I said not that Francesca Ziani should be *thine!* I said only that I beheld her in *thy arms.*"

"And what more do I ask!" was the exulting speech of the stranger, his voice rising into a sort of outburst, which fully declared the ruffian, and the sort of passions by which he was governed.

"If that contents thee, well!" said the woman coldly, her eye perusing with a seeming calmness the brazen plate upon which the strange characters were inscribed.

"That, then, thou promisest still?" demanded the stranger.

"Thou shalt see for thyself," was the reply. Thus speaking the woman slowly arose and brought forth a small chafing-dish, also of brass or copper, not much larger than a common plate. This she placed over the brazier, the flame of which quickened by a few smart puffs from a little bellows which lay beside her. As the flame kindled, and the sharp, red jets rose like tongues on either side of the plate, she poured into it something like a gill of a thick tenacious liquid, that looked like, and might have been, honey. Above this she brooded for a while with her eyes immediately over the vessel; and the keen ear of the stranger, quickened by excited curiosity, could detect the muttering of her lips, though the foreign syllables which she employed were entirely beyond his comprehension. Suddenly a thick vapor went up from the dish. She withdrew it from the brazier and laid it before her on the table. A few moments sufficed to clear the surface of the vessel, the vapor arising and hanging languidly above her head.

"Look now for thyself and see!" was her command to the visitor; she herself not designing a glance upon the vessel, thus seeming to be quite sure of what it would present, or quite indifferent to the the result. The The stranger needed no second summons He bent instantly over the vessel, and started back with undisguised delight.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "She droops! whose arm is it that supports her—upon whose breast is it that *she lies—who bears her away in triumph?*"

"Is it not thyself?" asked the woman coldly.

"By Hercules, it is! She is mine! She is in my arms! She is on my bosom! I have her in my galley! She speeds with me to my home! I see it all, even as thou hast promised!"

"I promise the nothing. I but show the only what is written."

"And when and how shall this be effected?"

"How, I know not," answered the woman, "this is withheld from me. Fate shows what her work is only as it appears when done, but not the manner of the doing."

"But when will this be?" was the question.

"It must be ere she marries with Ulric Barberigo, for him she will never marry."

"And it is appointed that he weds with her on the day of St. Mary's eve. That is but a week from hence, and the ceremony takes place—"

"At Olivolo."

"Ha! at Olivolo!" and a bright gleam of intelligence passed over the features of the stranger, from which his cloak had by this time entirely fallen. The woman beheld the look, and a slight smile, that seemed to denote scorn rather than any other emotion, played for a moment over her shriveled and sunken lips.

"Mother," said the stranger, "must all these matters be left to fate?"

"That is as thou wilt."

"But the eye of a young woman may be won—her heart may be touched—so that it may be easy for fate to accomplish her designs. I am young; am indifferently well fashioned in person and have but little reason to be ashamed of the face that God has given me. Besides, I have much skill in music, and can sing as fairly as most of the yound men of Venice. What if I were to find my way to the damsel—what if I play and *sing* beneath her father's palace? I have disguises, and am wont to practice in various garments; I can—"

The woman interrupted him.

"Thou mayest do as thou wilt. It is doubtless as indifferent to the fates what thou doest, as it will be to me. Thou hast seen what I have shown—I can no more. I am not permitted to counsel thee. I am but a voice; thou hast all that I can give thee."

The stranger lingered still, but the woman ceased to speak, and betrayed by her manner that she desired his departure. Thus seeing, he took a purse from his bosom and laid it before her. She did not seem to notice the action, nor did she again look up untill he was gone.—With the sound of his retreating footsteps, she put aside the brazen volume of strange characters which seemed her favorite study, and her lips slowly parted in soliloquy.

"Ay! thou exultest, fierce ruffian that thou art in the assurance that fate yields herself to thy will! Thou shalt, indeed, have the maiden in thy arms but it shall *profit the nothing; and that single triumph shall extract* from thee the last penalties which are sure to follow on the footsteps of a trade like thine. Thou thinkest that I know thee not, as if thy shallow mask could baffle eyes and art like mine; but I had not shown thee thus much, were I not in possession of yet further knowledge—did I not see that this lure was essential to embolden thee to thy own final overthrow. Alas! that in serving the cause of innocence, in saving the innocent from harm, we cannot make it safe in happiness. Poor Francesca, beloved of three yet blest with neither! Thou shalt be wedded, yet be no bride; shall gain all that thy fond young heart craveth, yet gain nothing! Be spared the embraces of him thou loathest, yet rest in his arms whom thou hast most need to fear, and shalt be denied, even when most assured, the only embrace which might bring thee blessings! Happy at least that thy sorrows shall not last thee long—their very keeness and intensity being thy security from the misery which holds through years like mine!

Let us leave the woman of misery—let us once more change the scene. Now pass we to the pirate's domain at Istria, a region over which, at the period of our narrative, the control of Venice was feeble, exceeding capricious, and subject to frequent vicisitudes. At this particular time, it was maintained by the fiercest band of pirates that ever swept the Mediteranean with their bloody prows.

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight when the galley of the chief glided into the harbor of Istria. The challenge of the sentinel was answered from the vessel, and she took her place beside the shore, where two other galleys were at anchor. Suddenly her sails descended with a rattle; a voice hailed throughout the ship, was answered from stern to stern, and a deep silence followed. The fierce chief of the pirates, Pietro Barbaro, the fiercest, strongest, wisest, yet youngest of seven brothers, all devoted to the same fearful employment, strode in silonce to his cabin. Here, throwing himself upon a couch, he prepared rather to rest than to sleep. He had thoughts to keep him wakeful. Wild hopes, and tender joys than his usual occupations offered, were gleaming before his fancy. The light burned dimly in his floating chamber, but the shapes of his imagination rose up before his mind's eye not the less vividly because of the obscurity in which he lay.—Thus musing over expectations of most agreeable and exciting aspect he finally lapsed away in sleep.

He was suddenly aroused from slumber by a rude hand that lay heavily on his shoulder.

"Who is it?" he asked of the intruder.

"Gamba," was the answer.

"Thou, brother!"

"Ay," continued the intruder, "and here are all of us."

"Indeed! and wherefore come you? I would sleep—I am weary. I must have rest."

"Thou hast too much rest, Pietro," said another of the brothers. "It is that of which we complain—that of which we would speak to thee now."

"Ha! this is new language, brethren! Answer me—perhaps I am not well awake; am I your captain or not?"

"Thou art—the fact seems to be forgotten by no one but thyself. Though the youngest of our mother's children, we made thee our leader."

"For what did ye this, my brothers, unless that I might command ye?"

"For this, in truth, and this only, did we confer upon you this authority. Thou hast shown thyself worthy to command—"

"Well!"

"Thy skill—thy courage—thy fortitude—"

"In brief, ye thought me best fitted to command ye!"

"Yes."

"Then I command ye hence! Leave me and let me rest!"

"Nay, brother, but this cannot be," was the reply of another of the intruders. "We must speak with thee while the night serves us, lest thou hear worse things with the morrow. Thou art, indeed, our captain; chosen because of thy qualities for service, to conduct and counsel us; but we chose thee not that thou shouldst sleep! Thou wert chosen that enterprises might be active and might lead to frequent profit."

"Has it not been so?" demanded the chief.

"For a season it was so, and there was no complaint of thee."

"Who now complains?"

"Thy people—all!"

"And can ye not answer them?"

"No! for we ourselves need an answer! We, too, complain."

"Of what complain ye?"

"That *our enterprises profits us nothing.*"

"Do ye not go forth in the galleys? Lead ye not, each of you an armed galley? Why is it that your enterprises profits ye nothing?"

"Because of the lack of our captain."

"And ye can do nothing without me, and because ye are incapable, I must have no leisure for myself."

"Nay, something more than this, Pietro. Our enterprises avail us nothing, since you command that we no longer trouble the argosies of Venice. Venice has become thy favorite. Thou shield st her only, when it is her merchants only who should give us spoil. This, brother, is thy true offence. For this we complain of thee; for this thy people complain of thee. They are impoverished by the new-born love for Venice, and they are angry with thee. Brother, their purpose is to depose thee!"

"Ha! and ye—"

"We are men as well as brothren. We cherish no such attachment for Venice as that which seems to fill thy bosom. When the question shall be taken in regard to thy office, our voices will be against thee, unless—"

There was a pause. It was broken by the chief.

"Well, speak out. What are your conditions?"

"Unless thou shalt consent to lead us on a great enterprise against the Venitians. Hearken to us, brother Pietro. Thou knowest of the annual festival at Olivolo, when the marriage takes place of all those maidens, whose families are favorites of the Signiory, and whose names are written in the "Book of Gold" of the Republic."

The eye of the pirate chief involuntarily closed at the suggestion, but his head nodded affirmatively! The speaker continued,

"It is now but a week when the festival takes place.—On this occasion assemble the great, the noble and wealthy of the sea city. Thither they bring all that is gorgeous in their apparel, all that is precious among their ornaments and decorations. Nobility and wealth here strive together which shall most gloriously display itself. Here too, is the beauty of the city—the virgins of Venice—the very choice among her flocks. Could there be prize more fortunate? The church of San Pietro di Castella permits no armed men within its holy sanctuaries. There are no apprehensions of peril, the people who gather to the rites are wholly weaponless. They can offer no defence against our assault; nor can this be foreseen? What place more lonely than Olivolo? Thither shall we repair the day before the festival, and shelter ourselves from scrutiny. At the moment when the crowd is greatest, we shall dart upon our prey. We lack women; we desire wealth. Shall we fail in either, when we have in remeinbrance the bold deeds of our ancient fathers, when they look with yearning on the fresh beauties of the Sabine virgins? These Venetian beauties are our Sabines. Thou, too, if the bruit of thy followers do thee no injustice, thou, too, has been overcome by one of *these. She will doubtless be present at this festival.*—Here, now, thou hast all. Either thou agreest to that which thy people demand, or the power departs from thy keeping. Fabio becomes our leader."

There was a pause. At length the private chief addressed his brethren.

"Ye have spoken! ye threaten, too! this power, of which ye speak, is precious in your eyes. I value it not a zecchino; and wert thou to dospose me to-morrow, I should be the master of ye in another month, did it please me to command a people so capricious. But think not, though I speak to ye in this fashion, that I deny your demand. I speak to show ye that I fear you not. I will do as ye desire; but did not your own wishes square evenly with mine own, I should hide the issue of this struggle, though it were with knife to knife."

"It matters not how thou feelest, or what movest thee, Pietro, so that thou dost as we demand. Thou wilt lead us to this spoil?"

"I will."

"It is enough. It will prove to thy people that they are still the masters of the Lagune—that they are not sold to Venice."

"Leave me now."

The brethren took their departure. When they had gone, the chief spoke in brief soliloquy, thus—

"Verily, there is the hand of fate in this. Methinks I see the history once more, even as I beheld it in the magic liquor of the Spanish Gipsy. Why thought I not of this before, dreaming vainly like an idiot boy, as much in love with his music as himself, who hopes by the tinkle of his guitar to win his beauty from the palace of her noble sire, to the obscure retreats of his gondola. These brethren shall not vex. They are but the creatures of a fate!"

CHAPTER V.

Let us *now return to Olivolo, to the altar-place of the* church of San Pietro di Castella, and resume the progress of that strangely mingled ceremonial—Mixed sunshine and sadness—which was broken by the passionate conduct of Giovanni Gradenigo. We left the poor, crushed Francesca, in a state of unconsciousness, in the arms of her sympathizing kindred. For a brief space the impression was a painful one upon the hearts of the vast assembly, but as the deep organ rolled its ascending anthems, the emotion subsided. The people had assembled for pleasure and an agreeable spectacle; and though sympathizing, for a moment, with the pathetic fortunes of the sundered lovers, quito as earnestly as it is possible for mere lookers on to do, they were not to be disappointed in the objects for which they came. The various shows of the assemblage—the dresses, the jewels, the dignitaries, and the beauties—were quito enough to divort the feelings of a populace, at all times notorious for its levities, from a scene which, however impressive at first, was becoming a little tedious. Sympathies are very good and proper things: but the world seldom suffers them to occupy too much of its time. Our Venetians did not pretend to be any more humane than the rest of the great family; and the moment that Francesca had fainted, and Giovanni had disappeared, the multitude began to express their impatience of any further delay by all the means in their possession. There was no longer a motive to resist their desires, and simply reserving the fate of poor Francesca to the last, or until she should sufficiently recover to be fully conscious of the sacrifice which she was about to make, the ceremonies were begun. There was a political part to be played by the Doge, in which the people took particular interest; and to behold which, indeed, was the strangest reason of their impatience. The government of Venice, as was remarked by quaint and witty James Howell, was a compound thing, mixed of all kinds of governments, and might be said to be composed of "a *grain* of monarchy, a *dose* of democracy, and a *dram*, if not an *ounce* of optimacy."—It was in regard to this *dose* of democracy, that the government annually assigned marriage portions to twelve young maidens, *selected from the great body of the people*, of those not sufficiently opulent to secure husbands, or find the adequate means for marriage, without this help. To bestow these maidens upon their lovers, and with them the portions allotted by the state, constituted the first, and in the eyes of the masses, the most agreeable part of the spectacle. The Doge, on this occasion, who was the thrice renowned Pietro Candiano, "did his spiriting gently," and in a highly edifying manner.—The bishop bestowed his blessings, and confirmed by the religious, the civil rites, which allied the chosen couples. To these *succeeded the voluntary parties, if we may* thus presume upon a distinction between the two classes, which we are yet not sure that we have a right to make. The high-born and the wealthy, couple after couple, now approach the altar to receive the final benediction which committed them to hopes of happiness which it is not in the power of any priesthood to compel. No doubt there was a great deal of hope among the parties, and we have certainly no reason to suppose that happiness did not follow in every instance.

But there is poor Francesca Ziani. It is now her turn. Her cruel parents remain unsubdued and unsoftened by her deep and touching sorrows. She is made to rise, to totter forward to the altar, scarcely conscious of any thing, except, perhaps, that the worthless, but wealthy, Ulric Barberigo is at her side. Once more the mournful spectacle restores to the spectators all their bitter feelings. They perceive, they feel, the cruelty of that sacrifice to which her kindred are insensible. In vain do they murmur "shame!" In vain does she turn her vacant, wild, but still expressive eyes, expressive because of their very soulless vacancy, to that stern, ambitious mother, whose bosom no longer responds to her child with the true maternal feeling. Hopeless of help from that quarter, she lifts her eyes to Heaven, and, no longer listening to the words of the holy man, she surrenders herself only to despair.

Is it Heaven that hearkens to her prayer? Is it the benevolent office of an angel that bursts the doors of the church at the very moment when she is called upon to yield that response which doom her to misery forever?—To her ears, the thunders which now shook the church were the fruit of Heavon's benignant interposition. The shrieks of women on every hand—the oaths and shouts of fierce and insolent authority—the clamors of men—the struggles and cries of those who seek safety in flight or entreat for mercy—suggest no other idea to the wretched Francesca, than that she is saved from the embraces of Ulric Barberigo. She is only conscious that, heedless of her, and of the entreaties of her mother, he is the first to endeavor selfishly to save himself by flight. But her escape from Barberigo is only the prelude to other embraces. She knows not unhappy child! that she is the object of desire to another, until she finds herself lifted in the grasp of Pietro Barbaro the terrible chief of the Istrute pirates. He and his brothers have kept their pledges to *one another, and they have been successful in their prey.* Their fierce followers have subdued to submission the struggles of a weaponless multitude, who, with horror and consternation, behold the loveliest of their virgins, the just wedded among them, borne away upon the shoulders of the pirates to their warlike galleys. Those who resist them perish. Resistance was hopeless. The fainting and shrieking women, like the Sabine damsels, are hurried from the sight of their kinsmen and their lovers, and the Istrute galleys are about to depart with their precious freight. Pietro Barbero, the chief, stands with one foot upon his vessel's side and the other on the shore.—Still insensible, the lovely Francesca lies upon his breast. At this moment the skirts of his cloak is plucked by a bold hand. He turns to meet the glance of the Spanish Gipsy. The old woman leered on him with eyes that seemed to mock his triumph, even while she appealed to it.

"Is it not even as I told thee—as I showed thee?" was her demand.

"It is!" exclaimed the pirate-chief, as he flung her a purse of gold. "Thou art a true prophetess. Fate has done her work!"

He was gone; his galley was already on the deep, and he himself might now be seen kneeling upon the deck of the vessel, bending over his precious conquest, and striving to bring back the life into her cheeks.

"Ay, indeed!" murmured the Spanish Gipsy, "thou hast had her in thy arms, but think not, reckless robber that thou art, that fate has *done* its work. The work is but *begun*. Fate has kept its word to thee; it is thy weak sense that fancied she had nothing more to say or do!"

Even as she spoke these words, the galleys of Giovanni Gradenigo were standing for the Lagune of Caorlo. He had succeeded in collecting a band of cavaliers who tacitly yielded him the command. The excitement of action had served, in some measure, to relieve the distress under which he suffered. He was no longer the lover, but the man; nor the man merely, but the leader of men. Giovanni was endowed for this by nature. His valor was known. It had been tried upon the Turk. Now that he was persuaded by the Spanish Gipsy, whom all believed and feared, that a nameless and terrible danger overhung his beloved, which was to be met and baffled only by the course he was pursueing, his whole person seemed to be infused by a new spirit. The youth, his companions, wondered to behold the change. There was no longer a dreaminess and doubt about his words and movements, but all was prompt, energetic, and directly to the purpose. Giovanni was now the confident and strong man. Enough for him that there *was* danger. Of this he no longer entertained a fear. Whether the danger was still supposed to threaten Francesca, was still suggestive of a hope—as the prediction of the Spanish Gipsy might well warrant—may very well be questioned. It was in the very desperation of his hope, perhaps, that his energies became at once equally well-ordered and intense. He prompted to their utmost the energies of others. He impelled all his agencies to their best exertions. Oars and sail were busy without intermission, and soon the efforts of the pursuers were rewarded. A gondola, bearing a single man, drifted along their path. He was a fugitive from Olivolo, who gave them the first definite idea of the foray of the pirates. His tidings, rendered imperfect by his terrors, were still enough to goad the pursuers to new exertions. Fortune favored the pursuit. In their haste the pirate galleys had become entangled in the lagune. The keen eye of Giovanni was the first to discover them. First one bark and then another hove in sight, and soon the whole piratical fleet were made out, as they urged their embarrassed progress *through the intricacies of the shallow waters.*

"Courage, bold hearts!" cried Giovanni to his people; "they are ours! We shall soon be upon them. They cannot now escape us!"

The eye of the youthful leader brightoned with the expectation of the struggle. His exulting, eager voice declared the strength and confidence of his soul, and cheered the souls of all around him. The sturdy oarsman "gave way" with renewed efforts. The knights prepared their weapons for the conflict. Giovanni *signalled the other galleys by which his own was followed.*

"I am for the red flag of Pietro Barbaro himself. I know his banner. Let your galleys grapple with the rest. Cross their path—prevent their flight, and bear down upon the strongest. Do your parts, and never fear but we shall do ours."

With these brief instructions, our captain led the way with the Venitian galleys. The conflict was at hand. It came. They drew nigh and hailed the enemy. The parley was a brief one. The pirates could hope for no mercy, and they asked none. But few words, accordingly, were exchanged between the parties, and these were not words of peace.

"Yield thee to the mercy of St. Mark!" was the stern summons of Giovanni, to the pirate chief.

"St. Mark's mercy has too many teeth!" was the scornful reply of the pirate. "The worthy saint must strike well before Barbaro of Istria sues to him for mercy!"

With the answer the galleys grappled. The Venitians leapt on board of the pirates with a fury that was little short of madness. Their wrath was terrible. Under the guidance of the fierce Giovanni, they smote with an unforgiving vengeance. It was in vain that the Istrutes fought as they had been long accustomed. It needed something more than their customary valor to meet the fury of their assailants. All of them perished. Mercy now was neither asked nor given. Nor, as it seemed, did the pirates care to live, when they beheld the fall of their fearless leader. He had crossed weapons with Giovanni Gradenigo, in whom he found his fate. Twice, thrice the sword of the latter drove through the breast of the pirate. Little did his conqueror conjecture the import of the few words the dying chief gasped forth at his feet, his glazed eyes striving to pierce the deck, as if seeking some one within.

"I have indeed, had thee in my arms, but—"

There was no more—death finished the sentence! The victory was complete, but Giovanni was wounded. Pietro Barbaro was a fearful enemy. He was conquered, it is true, but he had made his mark upon his conqueror. He had bitten deep before he fell.

The victors returned with their spoil. They brough back the captured brides in triumph. That same evening preparations were made to conclude the bridal ceremonies which the morning had seen so fearfully arrested. With a single exception, the original distribution of the "brides" was persevered in. The exception, as we may well suppose, was Francesca Ziani. It was no longer possible for her unnatural parents to withstand the popular sentiment. The Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, was particularly active in persuading the mother to *submit to what was so evidently the will of destiny.* But for the discreditable baseness and cowardice of Ulric Barberigo, it is probable she never would have yielded. But his imbecility and unmanly terror in the moment of danger, had been too conspicuous. Even his enormous wealth could not save him from the shame that followed; and however unwillingly the parents of Francesca consented that she should become the bride of Giovanni, as the only proper reward for the gallantry which had saved her and so many more from shame.

But where is Giovanni? His friends have been dispatched for him; why comes he not? The maid, now happy beyond her hope, awaits him at the altar. And still he comes not. Let us go back for a moment to the time of his victory over the pirate chief. Barbaro lies before him in the agonies of death. His sword it is which has sent the much dreaded outlaw to his last account. But he himself is wounded—wounded severely, but not mortally, by the man whom he has slain. At this moment he received a blow from the axe of one of the brothers of Barbaro. He had strength left barely to behold and to shout his victory, when he sunk, fainting, upon the deck of the pirate vessel. His further care devolved upon his friend Nicolo, who had followed his footsteps closely through all the paths of danger. In a state of stupor he lies upon the couch of Nicolo, when the aged prophetess, the "Spanish Gipsy," appeared beside his bed.

"He is called," she said. "The Doge demands his presence. They will bestow upon him his bride, Francesca Ziani. You must bear him thither.

The surgeon shook his head.

"It may arouse him," said Nicolo. "We can bear him thither on a litter, so that he shall feel no pain."

"It were something to wake him from this apathy," mused the surgeon. "Be it as thou wilt."

Thus grievously wounded, was the noble Giovanni borne into the midst of the assembly for each member of which he had suffered and done so much. The soft music which played around awakened him. His eyes unclosed to discover the lovely Francesca, tearful, but hopeful, bending over him. She declared herself his. The voice of the Doge confirmed the assurance; and the eye of the dying man brighted into the life of a new and delightful consciousness. Eagerly he spoke; his voice was but a whisper.

"Make it so, I pray thee, that I may live!"

The priest drew nigh with the sacred unction. The marriage service was performed, and the hands of the two were clasped in one.

"Said I not?" demanded an aged woman, who approached the moment after the ceremonial, and whose face was beheld by him whom she addressed. "She is thine!"

The youth smiled but made no answer. His hand drew that of Francesca closer. She stooped to his kiss, and whispered to him, but he heard her not. With the consciousness of the sweet treasure that he had won after such sad denial, the sense grew conscious no longer—the lips of the youth were sealed forever. The young Giovanni, the bravest of the Venitian youth, lay lifeless in the embrace of the scarcely more living Francesca. It was a sad day after all, in Venice, since its triumph was followed by so great a loss; but the damsels still declare that the lovers were much more blest in this fortune, than had they survived for the embrace of others less beloved.

[The touching and romantic incident upon which this little tale is founded, has been made use of by Mr. Rogers, in his poem of "Italy." It is one of those events which enrich and enliven for romance, the early histories of most states and nations that ever arrive at character and civilization. It occurs in the first periods of Venitian story, about 932, under the Doge Candiano II. I have divided my sketch into *five* parts, having originally designed a dramatic piece with the same divisions. That I have since thought proper to write this tale in the narrative and not dramatic form, is not because of any insusceptibility of the material to such uses. I still think that the story as above given, might easily and successfully be dramatized, giving it a mixed character—that of the melo-dramatic opera, and only softening the close to a less tragical denouement.]

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—We are informed, says the New Orleans Delta, that during the dying moments of Gov. McNutt, a person entered the room with a newspaper in his hand. It was about the time when the election returns were coming in from Pennsylvania. The eye of the dying politician assumed a momentary brightness, as his feebly voice faintly articulated the inquiry, "What's the last news from Pennsylvania?" Before the answer could be given, the querist was a corpse, and the spirit of the true Democrat had left the scenes of moral contest.

"WILKES AND LIBERTY."—The Journal of Commerce publishes the following extract from a speech delivered in the British House of Commons in Febuary 1774, by that eloquent campion of the rights of man, John Wilkes:

"In the great scale of empire, you will decline, I fear, from the decision of this day, "and the *Americans* will rise to *independence*, to *power*, to *all the greatness* of the *most renowned States*; for they build on the special basis of *general public liberty*. If you presist in your resolution, all hope of reconciliation is extinct. The Americans will triumph, the whole continent of North America will be dismembered from Great Britain, and the wide arch of the raised empire will fall."

Six months after this prophetic speech was delivered, Virginia became independent of the British Crown, and in a few months Massachusetts was also an independent State, although her capital was in possession of the British troops for a short period thereafter. The family of Wilkes removed to America, and its decendants of the same name are among the most respectable citizens of New York. One of his American grand nieces is married to Lord Jeffroy in Edinburgh.

ONE EVE OF BEAUTY.

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting one by one,
The ripples of that mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped and wrote upon the sand—
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
You would have sworn 't was silver flowing;
Her words were three and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The syreen wrote upon the shore
Death, not inconstancy!

And then her two large, languid eyes
So turned on mine, the devil take me,
I set the river on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived,
By such an eye and such a hand,
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand!

THE RAW MATERIAL

A green 'un gives in the New York Spirit the following as his first experience in the oyster line.

"I never see any of the animals till I went to Orleans."

One night a friend of mine said to me, "are you fond of oysters?"

"I aint nothin' else," says I.

"Reckon," says he, "I can punish more than any livin' man."

"I can take the shine out of you," says I, "and I'll ant on that."

"Done," says he, "we'll bet suppers, and go right out and get 'em."

We went into what he called "a roasted-rat," and ater we set down, he asked me how I'd take 'em.

I did'nt know what to say, and I told him I'd take 'em any way he chose.

"Waiter!" he sung out, "bring us a dozen raw to begin on, then a stew, and after that, a dozen fried!"

Putty soon a fellow with his shirt tail hangin' down before, sot down a platefull of nasty slimy lookin things, that made me gag to look at 'em. I dassent say a word, for fear of bein' found out; but if I didn't imbibe the brandy to keep them oysters in their places, it's a pity—I was *in for it*, as Jonah said when he swallowed the whale, and had nothin to do but to swallow and gag.—My friend see I looked kinder down in the mouth, and so he ordered in some shampane, as he said, to raise my spirits, and it wornt long afore it did—it raised the spirits and the oysters, too; both cum up together. I had the supper to pay for, but settlin' the bill did'nt settle my stomach. How I got to bed I disremember, but my friend and I had the same room, and he'd eat and drank himself into putty much the same fix as me. So we spent the night performin' the cataract of Nigary, I played the American side and he played the opposite shore. The full particulars of the performance was found in the small bills we paid at the bar next mornin'. I've never said turkey about eatin oysters since. All this you see come of bein' so awful smart."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A good many years ago, two elderly maidens of Medford who lived by the Mistic Pond, waited formerly upon Justice W———, to enter a compliment against one John Tanner and others. Such conduct as Tanner's they thought abominable, and he ought to be taken care of. It was a shame, so it was, that two respectable females could not look out of their windows on a morning, without being shocked at his indecencies. If there was no law for such outrages they were very sure there ought to be one. Such an example as John Tanner's was enough to corrupt the city of London—they could tolerate it no longer. With much difficulty and a world of questioning, the magistrate at last got from their virginlips the specific nature of the grievance. It appeared that John Tanner was in the habit of bathing every morning in the pond on the opposite side to where the maidens dwelt. "But ladies," said the magistrate, "it appears that the pond is at least half a mile wide and you do not live very close to the edge of it. I do not see how you could identify John Tanner at that distance, or indeed, how you could tell whether it was man or beast, in the water." "Neither could we," replied one of the spinsters; "we were in doubt for more than a week, and strained our eyes exceedingly, until at last Sarah happened to think of sending to borrow Captain Empsey's spy-glass, and this made all clear."

EAVES DROPPING.—The Cincinnati Commercial gives an account of an amusing scene that occurred somewhere in the region round about that city. It appears a chap and a lass were employed as help at a farm-house; the chap was in love with the lass. Having been absent a couple of days, the chap, on returning late Sunday evening, found another fellow sporking his lass. Creeping softly up stairs he took his position directly over the sparking pair, and placing his face over a stove pipe hole, looked down upon the scene. Excitement finally gave way to fatigue, and he feel asleep. By and by he began to snore, and the lovers looking up were startled at beholding a man's face, where a stove pipe should be. The lass fainted. Not so her lover, bringing a pail of water he threw a little in the lass's face and sent the remainder whizzing and splashing into the face of the man above. A scene ensued, and the eaves dropper has not been caught napping at the stove-pipe hole since.

A CURIOSITY.—A short time ago there was found at Kittaning, Armstrong County Pennsylvania, a *gun barrel* in the trunk of a hemlock tree, the barrel passing through the tree nearly horizontally, and almost grown in. The barrel was a little more than three feet in length. It had a square breech, and tuted to the muzzle, which is also called "bell muzzled"—differing from any style of gun now in use, or which has been used within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. It had the appearance of being an elegantly finished article, its sight being gold, and breech pin pure silver. How it came there, and how long it has been there, are the question for solution. It must have been lost or left there before the tree commenced its growth; but how long before or by whom, *no one can tell or surmise. The age of the tree*, judging from the number of grains, is 110 years and yet the gun bore but very slight evidence of decay. When found, the breech was just above the surface of the ground, and the muzzle slightly imbedded in the earth. It was loaded with a ball.

SOCIAL KINDNESS.—How sweet is social affection!—When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast, when sorrows broods around the heart, what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world with all is animosities, while blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that viberate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection, and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love, his own cherished circle he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children, dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom, that *words are not adequate to express.* He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

YANKEE GIRLS OUT WEST.—Prentice complains, in the Louisville Journal, that the Yankee girls who come out West do very little in the way of teaching. Instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY.

From the Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.

The main interest of the day is, and for the present remains, the Presidential Election, and the question is, "Who will be President?" The number of candidates has rather increased than lessened, and we count already Louis Bonaparte, Cavaignac, Thiers, Bugeaud, Ledru-Rollin, Raspail, Lamartine and Caussidere—not less than *eight* candidates, and without counting the impossible and Quixotic candidates, such as the Prince de Joinville, Duke de Bordeaux, &c., &c. *Although Louis Napoleon suffered again a terrible overthrow in the National Assembly, yesterday,* as you will doubtless perceive by the printed accounts, the universal opinion nevertheless concedes that he will receive the majority of votes, since the greater part of the army, dissatisfied with peace—almost the entire peasantry, inured by the most ridiculous promises of his agents—a considerable fraction of the Legitimists, (out of ill-humor,) the Laborers, (out of spite,) and the Socialists, (in the hope that he will make Raspail and Proudhon Ministers,) will vote for him. The former recognize in him the name *Napoleon*, and would by all means like to see him *in the gray* surtout and little hat of his great uncle; the others, especially the peasants, swear the Prince has 2,000,000,000, which, as President, he will divide among the 37,000 communes of France, and that for five years there will be no taxes to pay. You may easily imagine what an effect this last promise must make upon the ignorant and credulous peasantry, who pay the usual taxes very unwillingly, and who have become very angry and embittered on account of the added tax laid upon them by the Republic of 1848.

In spite of the good sense which France has shown, it is still to be feared that the thoroughly mediocre Louis Bonaparte, who is, in every respect, unfitted for such a post, may be made President of the Republic; but whether he will long remain so is another question. Most probably he will do so many stupid acts (and there will be no lack of people who will lead him to it,) that he will soon be set aside. It may be that France is to make this experiment over again, since this seems to be the martyr-land of all Europe, and all political experiments are made upon her, as *in anima vili*. You may see from the following statistical computation, which displays the disposition of parties with tolerable accuracy, that my fears of the election of Louis Napoleon are not without good grounds. The number of voters in France is 10,000,000, of whom at least 2,000,000, from convenience and other causes, will take no part in the election, and the remaining 8,000,000 may be divided as follows:

1. Socialists (different systems) 500,000—voting for Raspail, Louis Napoleon.
2. Imperialists, 500,000—Louis Napoleon.
3. Legitimists, 1,500,000 do.
4. Democrats, (genuine Republicans,) 3,000,000—Ledru-Rollin, Caussidiere, Cavaignac.
5. Tri color Republicans, (party of the *National,)* 1,000,000—Cavaignac.
6. White Republicans, (very moderate) 1,000,000—Thiers, Lamartine, Cavaignac.
7. Philippist-Regency, 500,000—Bugeaud.

From this schedule Louis Napolean will have about 2,500,000 votes, Cavaignac 2,500,000, Ledru Rollin 800,000, Lamartine 500,000, Raspail 300,000, Bugeaud 500,000, and upwards of 700,000 votes will be scattered in favor of several other candidates. The greater part of them will be thrown for Thiers and Caussidere. I am convinced that I have not deceived myself in this reckoning, and that from 20,000 to 30,000 will be the bias between Louis Napoleon and Cavaignac. Since, however, the Constitution requires an absolute majority, through which the election of a President by the people is alone genuine, and in this case neither of the candidates will have the absolute majority of all votes (4,000,000 and 1,) the election of one of these candidates who has the greatest number of votes, will be left conclusively to the National Assembly. Here arises an embarrassement, since that body cannot well do otherwise than take the candidate who has relatively the greatest number of votes. This will be Louis Napoleon. Should he be rejected, in order to make the next candidate below him—probably Cavaignac—President, the Assembly would strike a blow at the Sovereign people, and it might then easily happen that we should have a civil war, with a President in Paris and a counter-President in the Provinces—as there was once a Pope in Rome and a counter-Pope in Avignon.

As I write these lines, at the Tribune for journalists, in the National Assembly, the most violent parliamentary strife rages below in the Hall, as to whether the Presidential Election shall take place on the 10th of December, or be postponed to some unappointed time, after the completion of the organic laws. On both sides, striking reasons are displayed; the most celebrated speakers are engaged in the discussion, and it is not yet possible to say how the vote will terminate. I hope, however, to be able to communicate the result to you before I close this letter.

Louis Napoleon also spoke at the commencement of the present sitting. His Imperial Highness expressed himself very ill humoredly, because they had made sport of him yesterday. He might appear in the sittings or not, it was of no consequence to anybody. *His Imperial Highness also declared* that he most graciously accepted the candidateship of the Presidency, since H. I. H. believed that his renowned name could contribute something for the protection of Society and the prosperity of France. A universal burst of scornful laughter followed this arrogant declaration.

A QUEER CALCULATION.—Who first set the ball in motion that has resulted in the election of Gen. Taylor? That is now as much a matter of dispute and counter claim, as was the controversy about the birth place of Homer. The nativists have all along had the credit of being the first organized body of patizans who brought the General forward—and we believe are entitled to it. But there is still an unsettled dispute as to the man or print that first suggested his name as a candidate. The New York Herald puts in a claim which is about a year older than any other—dating back to May '46.—The Boston Herald parades in proof, a prophecy it made in April, '47, that Gen. Taylor would be the next President.

But an ingenious Frenchman of New Orleans bears off the palm from all the rest of the prophets, early or late, and no mistake. By a species of arithmetical necromancy, he pretended to calculate five days in advance, the precise electoral vote that Gen. Taylor would receive, to a mathematical certainty.

The New Orleans Bee of the 2nd instant, published this curious prophecy. The letters of the alphabet were all numbered in their order from top to bottom; the letters of Gen. Taylor's name were then selected, and the corresponding figures added together, and with 26, (the number of the alphabet) were found to foot up 173. This was assumed to be the number of electoral votes the General was to receive—and the next and most difficult operation was to name the states that were to give them.—But this was attempted, and it is remarkable that a calculation which would have been regarded here at the North, as wild enough, has turned out to be nearly true, and if Mississippi and Wisconsin have gone for Taylor, *entirely so.* It remains to be seen whether this whimsical prophecy is really to baffle the calculations of probabilities made by the most experienced and best informed politicians, by the caving in of Iowa or Wisconsin and Mississippi.

MARTIN DURALDE.—Respecting this once distinguished citizen of Louisiana, whose death was lately announced, "Nota Bene," in his last letter to the Condordia Louisiana Intelligencer, furnishes the following interesting but painful particulars:

"Among the recent deaths here, I notice one that scarcely attracted a passing remark, yet he was a man who, *twenty years ago*, stood at the head of society—Martin Duralde. Born of an influential and affluent family in Attakapas, extensively connected, augmenting his hereditary fortune by successful investments, married to a daughter of the Hon. Henry Clay, who was at the zenith of his popularity and power, Mr. Duralde, was, on all sides, courted, consulted and caressed. But reverees overtook him; city property rapidly ran down; his wife died; his friends diminished with his fortune; and at the commencement of the Mexican war, this man, once so rich, so popular, and so honored, himself obliged, for subsistence, to follow our march with a few packages of merchandise. He recently embarked on a trading schooner, at Tampico, to return home. The deadly fever of that coast swept off every one of the crew but a small boy, and when the vessel, after beating about in the gulf, finally made the bar of the river with a signal of distress, the captain was found dead on a pallet, and the unfortunate Duralde by his side in the last agonies and *no medicine, no water scarcely,* a ration of food on board. What an illustration of the vanity and vicissitudes of life!

KIT CARSON.

The trips of this famous frontier-man across the prairies are not certainly over "beds of *roses.*" A California correspondent of the New York Courier *writes* thus, *giving some idea of the every day's* occurrences of his venturesome life:

We have scarcely come in sight of the river (Loss Angelos) when the yells and shouts of the Indians were heard, and looking to our left, we perceived several sandy knolls dark with Pah-Utahs or Root Diggers. They beckened us to come on, crying out they were friends. Their language being a dialect to the Utah, Carson understood much they said. Kit warned them off, telling them they were bad—the whites were angry with them, because they stole animals and treacherously murdered the whites. One old fellow—in corpulence and rotundity equal to Jack Easy's friend, Mr. Oxbelly—being more venturesome than the rest, and perhaps ambitious or desirous of signalizing himself, approached to within a few yards of us. *Here* taking a bunch of arrows into one hand, while he held his bow ready in the other, and twitching his quiver around a little forward of the shoulder, he boldly insisted upon our stopping to trade. On him Carson wasted no words, but raised up his rifle, when this awkward, nude lump of human flesh waddled off, somewhat after the fashion of a fast-running perguin. Some of the Indians followed us a short distance, and then returned to their hill or their villages, which were near by. That evening we encamped in the valley of the Muddy, where we made a corral of mezquite bushes to secure our animals at night.

We have not yet completed this work, when about 20 Indians appeared on the opposite side of the river, and from a rocky bluff, one of them commenced harranging us. He said that they were friends—he said that they wanted to trade, not to fight, and that we must return whence we came, if a tribute of some kind was not paid them for passing through their country. Carson's reply to this was that he knew them well—that the whites did not like the Pah-Utah, for he would kill and rob.—"The Diggers are bad to the whites," he continued, "they say they are friends, get into camp, and then murder," adding, aside to use a Thespian expression; "Oh, you d——d rascals! I know; you needn't stand there a preachin' to me—it won't do you no kind o' good." The Indians positively denied the above asseverations, when Kit said—"The Pah-Utah lies." Several bows were immediately strung, but only one arrow was discharged, and the daring savage who perpetrated this rash deed returned to his lodge and his squaw suffering, perhaps dying, from the wound inflicted by the round arrow of the white man's fire-bow. We saw no more Root Diggers that day. In the evening we burnt a ring, about eight feet wide, around our camp and corral, thus effectually preventing the Indians from driving us away through the means of fire, which, by igniting the dry grass, but for the precaution we had taken, could easily have been done.

RUSSIAN DICTATION.—A great deal of talk is occasioned at Berlin by an act of direct submission of the Government to Russian dictation. The case was that of Michael Bakunin, whose name figured in the papers three or four years since. The gentleman, by birth a Russian, and withal an ardent Democrat, as are many of the most intelligent men of his nation, published in Paris a Democratic pamphlet, in consequence of which he was ordered home. Not caring to receive the paternal discipline of Siberia, which he knew awaited him on his return to St. Petersburg, he did not obey, and in consequence the Russian Cabinet addressed a special note to all the cabinets of Europe, asking the surrender of the rebellious subject, as a rebel and a disorderly person in general. After the revolution he came to Berlin, and remained some time undisturbed, with the knowledge of the police, who simply required of him not to go to Posen; some weeks since he went to Breslau and there, where there was less likelihood that he would find sympathy or support among the people and where the affair would not excite so much attention as in Berlin, he was suddenly summoned before the police and ordered out of the country by the most direct road to Belgium, as a Russian subject without the necessary Rusian passport. He was also informed that in case he should again appear in Prussia he would be delivered over to the Russian authorities. He accordingly started, and when he arrived at Dresden, where he had to stop one night, the police commissary informed him that he must remain in his charge, not as a prisoner, but in order that he might be sure that he continued his journey, as he had special instructions not to allow him to remain in the kingdom; from which it appears that the Russian domination is fully reestablished in all parts of Germany. The fugitive has addressed a protest to the *Assembly here and to the Second Chamber of* the Saxon Parliament, in which he states these facts, in regard to which the Ministry of both countries will be called to account.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A most singular circumstance has occurred several times of late, at the extensive varnish factory at *Bergen Hill New Jersey.* At this establishments are forty vats, or cisterns, used for the purpose of preparing turpentine, each of which hold about six hundred gallons. It is necessary, very frequently, to clean these vats, which is generally done by drawing off, and by the use of a brush attached to the end of a pole. On several occasions, a man named John McKeernan has descended to the bottom of one of these vats, and in a short time the influence of the gas was so great as to render him entirely insensible. The last time he attempted it was a few days since; against the remonstrances of all who knew the effect it had upon him; but he had become so habituated to the pleasing intoxication produced that he persisted, and came very near losing his life, since which time it has become necessary to keep a watch upon him, whenever the vats are undergoing the process of being cleaned. The effect produced is said to be very much like that of chloroform, but what the chemical properties are has not been ascertained.—This will afford a fine opportunity for the scientific to make experiments, and probably discover something heretofore unknown. The vats are only used for preparing turpentine, which article, in itself has not been known before to produce such results, and it is evident that the vapor arising therefrom has a narcotic effect which to those who have seen its effects, is entirely unaccountable. It would be well for some of the great chemists of the city to examine into this matter, as it might possibly lead to *some valuable discovery.—N. Y. Herald.*

THE "GOVERNMENT JEWELS," which the despatch through the telegraph announced were stolen, at Washington, consist of a valuable diamond snuff-box, presented by the Emperor Alexander to the Hon. Leavitt Harris, American Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg. The value of this article is $6000. The bottom of it only was found in the room. The gold scabbard belonged to a sword presented to Com. Biddle by the Viceroy of Peru; the sword was not taken. There were besides a large bottle of otto of rose, from which perfumes could realize $2000 or $3000, and the pearl necklace and two large pearls presented to President Van Buren by the Imaum of Muscat. The string was cut, and three of the pearls left behind. There were also stolen medals, coper and silver, of various Generals of the U. S. Army, among them that of General Wayne; a gold medal of Boliver, presented by himself to a person who prevented him from being assassinated, and other medals. The building was entered by the robbers on the double front, and ascending to the National Gallery, they unlocked the door with a false key. They then secured the door with ropes inside. The articles above enumerated were in a double case, the glass of which had to be broken to reach them. For fear of making a noise, the robbers first spread a piece of pink blotting paper with gum arabic and pasted it to the outer glass; then with a knife of plevcer the glass was broken by prying it around the edges. The fragments adhered to the paper, and were thus silently removed.

GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.—On Monday (says the Cincinnati *Times*) a man fell from the fifth story of one of Messrs. Wilshire's stores on Walnut street, near Columbia, through the hatchway to the lower floor, and then got up and walked off! This sounds marvellous, but when we state that the hatchways were covered with loose boards all the way down, not strong enough to hold the man, but strong enough to give an elastic rebound and then break, letting him down easy to the next, and so on to the bottom—the marvellousness all evaporates. *We learn* that he was severely injured, but no bones were broken.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

New York, Nov. 20—10 A. M.

Steamer Acadia arrived at Boston yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, her news is important.

Cotton has advanced ¼ a ½. Fair Orleans 4¼d.

Corn market quiet and a shade lower, but in moderate demand—33s a 34s for white; 34s6d a 35s6d for yellow.

Flour, 29s6d a 30s; sour. 27s.

Indian meal, 17s.

Wheat, 7s a 8s6d.

Money market easy.

Parliament has been prolonged till Tuesday, the 12th December.

IRELAND.—The news from this country is regarded with but little interest. The state trials in Dublin have commenced.

The Attorney General gave his *fiat* for the issue of a writ of error under the certificate lodged by Mr. O'Brien's counsel at his trial, and conviction at Clonmel. A similar sanction has been granted upon the causes of Messrs. Meagher, McManus and O'Donahue.

FRANCE.—The Assembly have resolved that the President should be chosen on the 10th of December, as originally fixed upon. The success of Louis Napoleon is considered certain by his own partizans.

Gen. Cavaginier has signified his intention to decline.

Louis Phillippe and the government have arranged concerning the private property of the Orleans family.

A loan of 20,000,000 francs will be raised to support the families now in England.

Riots have occured between the Guarde Mobile and the soldiers of the line. The clubs are marked by special violence on the subject of the Presidency. In one the orators pronounced a eulogy on Marat, Robespierre, etc. In the Assembly the revision would be completed before the end of the week, and the constitution proclaimed.

AUSTRIA.—Up to the last moment all is doubt and uncertainty respecting the fate of the contending parties, both in and around the walls of Vienna.—The last dates from Vienna through Berlin were to the 27th October, when every inducement having failed to induce the Viennoise to surrender, Prince Windischerdarts had commenced the bombardment of the capital of the Austrian Empire.

The advance of the Hungarians to relieve the city was *several times prevented by the imperial troops.* A whole week had been passed is desultory conflicts attended with considerable slaughter to both parties.

Latest intelligence received via. Ratisbon is, that four of the suburds are in flames. The troops are in possession of the northern line, and have not succeeded in taking any of the suburbs. In Jagerseil a tremendous barricade has been erected; it is defended by eight cannon and as many companies of burghers. A perpetual fire is kept up against the enemy, but they are beginning to husband their powder.

There was still a supply of provisions. There has been an encounter in the streets between the tri-colored and the two-colored burghers, in which the latter were overcome after they had set the streets on fire.

A captain in the National Guard has been hanged because he wanted to inform the enemy of an intended rally from Nussorf. 70,000 florins which were destined for the military, have fallen into the hands of the National Guard.

The Polish legion has sustained considerable loss at the Praeter. From 60 to 70 dead.

The Berlin Journal *gives the terms which the* populace demanded, as follows:

A general Amnesty.

Nomination of a popular ministry.

Removal of the troops from the vicinity of Vienna.

The Emperor was at Olmutz and had issued orders to transfer the Diet from Vienna to Krenima, a city midway between Olmutz and Vienna.

Wilmer and Smith's papers says the deaths in London from Cholera amounted a week to 34. Daily average being only one for the attendent five days. 18 cases were reported on Tuesday; 7 were fatal and 9 cases on Wednesday; 7 fatal. Thursday 15 cases, 12 fatal.

In Edinburgh, and the neighborhood it still lingers. There have been 5 deaths since last report making 169 deaths since October 4th, out of 290 cases.

THE YANKEE JOKE.—The following is from a little work entitled the "Hand-book of Joking," recently published in London, and republished in the last Home Journal:—

In order to be a Yankee joker, many qualifications are requisite. First of all, repudiate truth, secondly, call everything a fact but the truth; thirdly, the joker must be pretty well grounded in the works of Munchausen, and a firm believer in the veracity of Gulliver's Travels. The Yankee joker must stick at nothing. After about six months sharp practice, something like the following may be perpetrated. Talk of Crockett! say Ezekiel Nash, a genuine down-easter, could send him to eternal smock right slick off. Nash chaws chain cables for "bakey" takes gunpowder for snuff, and blows his nose with a tin pocket hankerchief; he sleeps between iron sheets, which in winter are made red hot. Instead of rats and mice, wolves and grisly bears prowl about his room at night, but he sleeps so sound he's obliged to be thrown out of the window every morning to wake him. Mother missed him when he was a babe, and found him at last seated on a hornet's nest playing at bopeep with a pair of rattlesnakes.

As an infant Zekiel was a wonder, I guess; he had razors and bayonets for toys, walked in topboots when he was three days old, sucked hot coals and used to rub his gums with a nutmeg grater; they weaned him the very day he was born, and fed him on pap made of flint stones and lignamvite soaked in prussic acid. His apetite, for a boy was awful; he once eat a buffalo and three parts of a horse, and then asked if tea wasn't ready. When Nash travels by rail, he gets out to walk a trifle of forty or fifty miles, and waits an hour or two till the train overtakes him. The engine comes up panting and blowing, and often says with a forced laugh, "Bust my byler, Zekiel but of all mortal critters, you're the biggest; I reckon your father war a flash of lightning, and your mother an earthquake.—Darn me if you aint an ornament to creation."

As a speculator, Nash is crewel lucky; He held some shares once, which went to such a premium, that *he was obliged to send a broker up in a* baloon to sell out.

FROM SANTA FE.—We copy the following from the St. Louis Republicain of Nov. 1st:

Dr. Waldo arrived at Independence, from Santa Fe, on Sunday, the 22d ult., in about eleven days from Santa Fe. Dr. Waldo left Colonel Washington's command about a day's march from Santa Fe.

Mr. Charles J. Asbury, of Johnson county, was killed, supposed to be by the Apache Indians, about twenty-five miles this side of El Paso. He was returning from that place to meet his wagons, which he had left a few days before. As he had not been seen, search was made, and after some days, his body was found, with the body of a Mexican servant, who had accompanied him. From the wound upon the bodies, it was supposed that they had been shot from some concealed point in the chaparal, on the road side.

By this arrival, we learn, that the Indians are making incursions into every neighborhood, as they have complete control of the country, and the withdrawal of the United States troops have given encouragement to them.

The prospects of trade, and the sale of merchandize in Chihuhua, were flattering.

LOCKJAW.—I have noticed lately several deaths by lockjaw, and for the information of all, I will give a certain remedy. When any one runs a nail or any sharp iron in any part of his body, take a common smoke pipe, fill it with tobacco, light it well then take a thin cloth or silk hankerchief, place it over the bowl of the pipe and blow the smoke through the stem into the wound, two or three pipefulls will be efficient to set the wound discharging. I *have tried it on myself* and five others, and found it to give immediate relief. If the wound is of some days standing, it will open it again, if the tobocco is good. Try it, any one who may chance to get such a wound.—*Baltimore Sun.*

☞ A paper in describing some new railroad cars, says: "The cars are quite long, and capable of holding 60 passengers *with doors at each end.*"

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

☞ Among the improvements of this city, we notice a new bell in the UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, hung a few days since. It was purchased from Mr. Andrew Fulton, Bell Founder, Pittsburgh, and is unquestionably the richest toned in the place. We believe it equal, if not superior, to any of the same weight cast in the East. From this specimen we can cheerfully and confidently recommend any who wish to procure bells, to the foundry of Mr. Fulton.

"THE HOME JOURNAL."—Our readers can bear testimony that we seldom puff, much less publish the prospectuses of the literary journals of our Eastern cities, because most of them are scarcely worth the paper they are printed on. "*The Home Journal,*" of New York, Edited by MORRIS & WILLIS, is an exception however, and we call attention to the prospectus among our advertisements. It does not base its claims to public favor upon the number and length of its columns, and the low price for which it can be afforded, but upon its literary merit, its intrinsic excellence. All, therefore, who desire a good literary paper, had far better send two dollars for it, than one for such blanket-sheets as the "Model Courier," etc., etc.

GIVE US LIGHT.—The Philadelphia *North American,* in the first flush of victory, boldly proclaims that the election of Gen. Taylor has sealed the fate of the Independent Treasury system, and intimates that the new Administration will seek some other depository for the public treasure. We beg leave, through the medium of the *American's* echo here, the *Gazette,* to enquire what is to be the substitute for the present system? Is it to be a *National Bank?* Or are the local banks to be the *safer* depositories of Uncle Sam's money Bags? Or even yet, what is more improbable, is *Zachary,* in his superior wisdom, going to invent and patent a new system, free from the objections of a National Bank, *safer* than the local banks, and superior to the Constitutional Treasury? Give us light, we say, on these points. The people want to know whether the purse is to be united with the sword by the incoming dynasty? As it was not deemed important before the canvass to designate the *means* that were to be made use of to effect the great reforms promised by the election of one, whose nomination Webster said "was not fit to be made," we trust that now, when all danger of losing votes is over, the *informed* will not fail to instruct the uninformed into the mysteries of the new anti-slavery-extension-no-party-native-whig administration. Give us light, good sirs—give us light!

A SCORE OF OFFICE SEEKERS "DOSE BROWN."—The office seekers in and about the city of Boston were most egregiously humbugged—taken in and done for last week. The Yankees are world renowned as being *cute,* but they are occasionally "drawn on," and "polished" without the help of "Day and Martin." Last week there appeared at one of the "crack Hotels" of the modern Athens a "nice young man" who registered his name as the renowned Major Bliss, the President elect's private Secretary. All Boston was agog—particularly the office-seeking portion. There never was such a time since Adam was a small boy. The fascinating Major was the center of attraction, "the observed of all observers," and the invited guest of many of the Cotton Lords; the regular officers of the Army and Navy, cal'ed to pay him their respects. Capt. D. D. Baker of the Marine Corps, was graciously received and delighted by the cordiality and frankness of Old Zach's amanuensis. The disinterested patriots who reluctantly consent the serve the country after the 4th of March next, in the disagreeable capacity of Collector of the Port, District Attorney, Naval Officer, or Post Master, were on hand: their attentions to the Major were unceasing, and not a few were apprehensive from his generous friendship for them, that they would be called upon to take the weighty responsibilities of one of those offices. Fortunate fellows, their apprehensions were relieved; it was discovered that he was not "the genuine article." That instead of being the *perfect* Bliss he represented himself, he was a spurious imitation—a "wooden nutmeg" and "horn gun flint" sort of a counterfeit. How many fainted, or what number took to "brandy-and-water" to drown sorrow, the papers do not inform us; but great is the wonder among those that were not "bit," what he will do with about a bushel of letters and recommendations for office consigned to his care to be delivered over with a first rate notice from the Major to "His Excellency the President." It is said he left a card for a would be Post-master, on which was written, "*My wounded are behind me.*"

☞ The *Commercial* is out for Andy Stewart for a seat in Gen. Taylor's cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury. Good—we go for that with the *proviso,* that Johnny be called to the responsible position of official editor. Andy could not do without Johnny, and Johnny could not get along without Andy.

QUEER FIGURES.—Of all the queer figures at the late extraordinary election, the following comparison made by the *Bulletin,* of the votes of New York and Philadelphia cities and counties is the queerest:

Full vote of New York,		53,158
Do.	Philadelphia,	53,167

When we consider the difference in favor of New York in *population,* as compared with Philadelphia, we may then find out where the great Taylor majorities in the city and county came from.

To be a Congressman, was once considered a great honor; but, alas! those days have gone by. Any man—even Moses Hampton—can now be a Congressman!—*Pittsburgh Post.*

A little mistaken Mr. Post. We know of several that can't—one, in particular has tried twice, but it's no go.—The two first letters of his name, are James Campbell, and he lives in Clarion.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE AT NEW CASTLE.—We learn from the New Castle Gazette, that on Tuesday evening of last week a man badly intoxicated, who had been wandering about, was placed in a carpentor's shop belonging to McCormic, Peebles, Brown & Co., adjoining the Orizaba Iron Works, in order to protect him from the inclement weather. Care was taken to ascertain that no fire existed, after which the door of the building was locked. About half past three in the morning the building was discovered to be on fire and soon enveloped in flames—the door was burst open and after considerable search amidst heat and dense smoke the drunken man was found and dragged out, apparently *more* dead than alive. He was discovered to be seriously injured, but he lingered until the afternoon of the subsequent Thursday, when he died. He gave the following accout of the origination of the calamity. He stated that on awakening in the night he felt cold and attempted to kindle a fire in the stove from matches he carried in his pocket—the fire caught the surrounding shavings and led to the fatal result. He was too much intoxicated to either arrest the flames or save himself. He was a German and a stranger named Frederick Ourie. The loss in property, building, patterns, tools, &c., &c., was considerable.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Dobbs says that the only difference he can discover between a general and captain is, that one says "Come on," and the other says "Go on"—one gathers cypress and the other laurels. The captains become candidates for the grave—the generals for the Presidency!—*Ex. paper.*

It may be that the whigs will find less difference than that between their *Captain* Tyler and *General* Taylor.—There is only a difference of an *a* in their names, and it is strongly hinted there won't be even that in their acts. We shall see!

THE PLEDGES OF GEN. TAYLOR'S FRIENDS.—The advocates of Gen. Taylor here at the north, pledged Gen. Taylor not to interpose his veto, should Congress extend the ordinance of '87 over our new territories. The following from the National *Intelligencer, since the election,* shews how much all such pledges are worth:

"*Unfettered by any sectional pledges,* he will be the President of the *nation;* looking to the good and rights of *all* its members; *and ever unmindful of the temper of compromise* in which the federal constitution *was,* and in which only *it could have been* framed; and thus making the Executive policy the agent of a more perfect UNION of the States and of the people."

THE UPHEAVINGS OF TAYLORISM!

The "noise and confusion" of the victory achieved by the allied forces under the hero of the battle of Buena Vista, has scarcely died upon the ear—even the festivals incident upon such occasions have not been held in many places—and yet the wrangling of the victors over the spoils, the criminations and recriminations of the different captains of divisions, may be heard in every town, city or village, from Maine to Texas. If these premonitory upheavings may be looked upon as an index to the future, Gen. Taylor's administration will be one of the most stormy ever known in the history of the country. If they are the forerunner of the tempest, he will find the chair of State a more uneasy seat than the back of "old Whitey" even amid the leaden hail of Buena Vista. The discordant elements that were united "for better or for worse," by the talisman of "mere military renown," have begun, ere the "honey moon" hath waxed to its full, to indulge in matrimonial squabbles that will ultimately lead to a "divorce." We, of course, take no interest in these "family jars," other than as a "looker on in Venice" whose duty it is to keep the readers of our papers advised of the doings of the world around us. We would that Zachary Taylor should fill the chair of State even as some of his man-worshiping friends have proclaimed he would, like a second Washington; but we fear that he will fall so immeasurably short of such a *standard* that *some* of those who have elected him will, before a twelve month from his inauguration, call down the bitterest anathemas of political hatred upon his head. It may become then the province of the Democracy to shield and defend him against those who would "welcome him with bloody hands" to a hospitable political grave. It may be that then, he and the country will learn that those who placed him in the chair of State did so in the hopes of public plunder, and not from any lofty motives of patriotism, or gratitude for his great deeds in a war they had pronounced "God abhorred," and waged for the "extension of Slavery." As we before remarked, the bitterness manifested in the upheavings of Taylorism since the election, is proof of what we have written above. For instance, the New York *Mirror,* the first paper in the country of any character, to unfurl the banner of "Rough and Ready," comes down upon Clay and Webster and their friends, with a report that sounds like a political discharge from Bragg's battery. It says: "Now that there is no longer any danger of injuring our (its) favorite candidate for the Presidency, we owe it to the indefatigable independent Taylor men, both in this city, (New York) and throughout the Union, to state that they have triumphed, not only without the aid of the great champions of the Whig party, the eastern and western "embodiments" of whig principles, but even in despite of them. Neither Clay nor Webster have rendered us (the Taylor party) any assistance in the great contest which has resulted so gloriously for the nation.—the "Sage of Ashland" has doggedly maintained a silence, when,

"One blast from his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men;"

while he has been industriously writing privately to his idolatrous friends that 'the Philadelphia nomination was a degredation to the Whig party.'" The *Mirror* then goes on to say, that having succeeded without their aid, "the Taylor party, now the one great party of the nation, owes them nothing. *President Taylor owes them nothing;*" and in regard to Webster or Clay, being honored with a seat in the General's cabinet, indignantly exclaims, "Thank God, Gen. Taylor knows his friends, and what is still better, never forgets his wounded. He knows the difference between the veterans who have suffered in his cause and the political hypocrites who have made both his cause and his friends suffer by their Brutus stabs."

In a subsequent article the *Mirror,* in speaking of the hopes indulged of Taylor's receiving the vote of Virginia, remarks;

"It seems probable that Gen. Taylor is deprived of the crowning glory which his friends fondly hoped awaited him, of carrying old Virginia, his native State, *by the treason of the ultra Clay men,* in that ancient citadel of Democracy. This is clearly shown by the returns from sundry whig counties, principally in the tide-water section, and comparing them with the returns from democratic counties; the former showing a whig loss from the vote of 1844 and 1840, while the latter show handsome gains. We give a few specimens below of these returns; exhibiting plainly the game that has been played to place old Zack in the list of beaten candidates in his native State to which Clay and Harrison belong."

After thus consigning to political oblivion the two great "embodiments" of Whigery, Messrs. Clay and Webster, and their friends, the *Mirror* ventures to form a cabinet for the old General. This is going a little too far, and the Philadelphia *North American* comes down on the *Mirror* in this wise:

THE NEW CABINET.—Several of the papers—particularly those that possess no other method of being heard or seen—are making themselves busy by speculating upon the composition of General Taylor's Cabinet. The President elect will doubtless feel the importance of these suggestions; but at this early day, it does seem—to say nothing of the indelicacy of disparaging men of distinction by an endeavor to pre-occupy the public mind—a little presumptuous to undertake this sort of dictation.—We attach no sort of consequence to these little movements, and we entertain, personally and politically, the highest respect for those who have been named in this connection; but these attempts, if countenanced by the influential press, can only lead to distraction and embarrassment.

How ridiculously aristocratic is the *North American's* tone, to say nothing of the jealous hatred batrayed. It does not condescend even to *name* the papers that have offended, but particularized them as a class, "*that possess no other method of being heard*"—and calls upon the "influential press" not to "countonance" any such plebeian interference.

In regard to the measures of the new administration, the "upheavings" appear to be as various and conflicting as those in regard to the cabinet and the disposition of the spoils. The *North American,* before alluded to, makes out the programme, and embraces in it the "*Reveal of the tariff of 1846, and restoration of that of 1842;*" and next "*a repeal of the Independent Treasury,*" and we presume the establishment of an United States Bank; "*the liberal improvement of rivers and harbors; distribution of the proceds of public lands,*" and various other *ultra Whig measures.* The Philadelphia *Sun,* which supported the old General while the *American* abused and denounced him, politely informs its brother in arms, that "whig hunkerism" is "knocked in the head," and that the "triumph of Taylor and Fillmore was the result of no pledges, and will lead to a popular, *not a platform,* administration;" thus plainly intimating that the measures of the defunct whig party are "obsolete ideas." The New York *Herald,* also the first Taylor paper in the country, utterly repudiates the Whig platform, which the *ultras* are attempting to lay down for Gen. Taylor, and says the General is elected independent of all parties and will act accordingly. In reference to proscription for opinion's sake the *Herald* says there will be none of it. Merit is to be the only test when appointments are to be made.—The Independent Treasury is to be *revised* and made to conform to the wants and experience of the country, the old U. S. Bank, or Deposite Bank system not to be tolerated for a moment; a revision of the Post Office law; and a re-organization of the State, War and Navy Departments. On the subject of the tariff, the *Herald* utterly repudiates the Whig claim to repeal the tariff of 1846, and establish a high protective tariff.

Verily the upheavings of Taylorism bids fair to be vastly amusing, if noising else. The chapter we have given is but a tithe of what we expect hereafter; and which, of course, shall be duly laid before our readers.

☞ The *Gazette,* following in the footsteps of the *North American,* calls for a repeal of the Independent Treasury law. What system does the Gazette propose in its place? A reformer should propose to build up as well as tear down.

☞ John Slidell, of New Orleans, late minister to Mexico, it is said, bet upwards of $80,000 on General Cass carrying Ohio, and has won it. He is about the only democrat we have heard of that has made anything out of this election.

☞ Our cotemporary of the *Gazette* is unusually pathetic and romantically sentimental, over "church bells" and "Winter enjoyments," this week. We mention the fact to show that Taylorism has not yet had any "unpleasant effect upon *sensitive* minds."

PENNSYLVANIA OFFICIAL.—The following is the official footing up of the Presidential election in this State:

For Taylor and Fillmore,	185,513
" Cass and Butler,	171,976
" Van Buren and Adams,	11,263
Total vote,	368,752
Taylor's majority over Cass and Butler,	13,537
" " " all,	2,274

We will give the table in our next—have'nt room in this.

NEW YORK OFFICIAL.—The official vote of New York foots up thus: Cass 114,542; Van Buren 120,519; Taylor 218,551. Van Buren and Cass over Taylor 16,560. In addition to this there are about 3000 scattering votes, which added to Cass and Van Buren's majority over Taylor, leaves him in a minority of nearly 20,000.

CONSOLATION FOR FREE SOIL TAYLOR MEN.—The New York *Herald* of yesterday says: "There can be no doubt, judging of Gen. Taylor from his position—from his whole life, from his character—that, should the Wilmot Proviso be passed into law during the term of his Presidency, *he will apply the veto to such a law, despite of all the exertions in advance to the contrary, by the organs of the office-beggars, trading politicians, and cliques of every description.*" The italics are the *Herald's.*

☞ The election of Gen. Taylor cuts off Henry Clay from a party of which he has been the distinguished leader for a quarter of a century. Amid the general wreck he survives, a proud and lofty monument of what Whigery *has* been.

QUEER RESULT.—In all the places where Daniel Webster spoke in Massachusetts, the Free Soilers have majorities—the last place the largest of all.—*Ex. paper.*

Of course, Gen. Taylor, as a reward for *such* efficient service, will offer the "God-like" a seat in his cabinet, or an appointment to some foreign court.

TRUTH IN A FEW WORDS.—The New York *Mirror,* the *original* Taylor paper in New York, thus runs the cold steel under the fifth rib of certain Taylor gentry: "When the honest farmer talks against a candidate he *votes* against him also." It takes a trimming, shuffling, double dealing, hypocritical politician to denounce a man as a cut-throat to-day, and exalt him to the skies to-morrow—and all for the sake of honor and office." Did'nt some of the Taylor men here set for this portrait? We think we recognise the noise, ears, eyes and mouth!

EDWIN FORREST.—This gentleman who is erecting a Gothic castle in the style of the tenth century, on the banks of the Hudson, gave a grand entertainment to those employed upon it a few days ago. Speeches were made *at* him and *by* him, and from the published report we judge he displayed all the bountiful hospitality of a Baronial Lord, with the true spirit of modern "Fraternity."

INCREASE OF AMERICAN EXPORTS.—A parliamentary report of exports from the United States to Great Britain for five years, from 1843 to 1847, shows an aggregate increase since 1843 of more than *one hundred and fifty per cent.* Among the articles enumerated are oil, stares, naval stores, beef, tallow, hides, pork, bacon, lard, cheese, wheat, corn, flour, corn meal, rice, wool and hops. The increase of bacon, lard and cheese, is equal to *one hundred per cent;* of corn more than fifteen million per cent; there having been none exported in 1843, and 15,526,525 bushels in 1847. Thus is the United States pouring her rich harvests into the old world.

MR. BOTTS "HEADED."—Mr Botts, at a meeting in Richmond, *since Gen. Taylor's election,* declared that if the President elect delivered a "whig inaugural address, and appointed a whig cabinet," he would give him as cordial a support as if Henry Clay had been elected. An individual in the crowd asked him "if he ever saw a child take physic," which was responded to by the meeting with indignant shouts of "spit him out."

☞ The notorious THADDEUS STEVENS is urged by some of his ladies

Paragraphs for the Million.

A HEAVY FEE.—The Pittsburgh Dispatch says a citizen of that city, recently visited an adjoining county to get married, tendered the divine who performed the ceremony the liberal fee of twelve and a half cents for his trouble in starting him upon the *flowery* paths of matrimony. The Clergyman declined the gift, and requested him to hand it to the first poor man he met. As the wife he gained by the transaction (we understand) owns a house or two, we are surprised at his low estimate upon her. Had *she* offered the fee it would have been a terrible exaggeration of the value of her husband!

CURE FOR THE TOOTH ACHE.—Take a piece of sheet zinc about the size of a sixpence, and a piece of silver say a quarter of a dollar, and hold the defected tooth between or contiguous to them; in a few minutes the pain will be gone as if by magic, the zinc and silver acting as a galvanic battery, will produce on the nerves of the tooth sufficient electricity to establish a current, and consequently to relieve the pain.

LEGISLATIVE SNEEZING.—The Savannah Republican of the 8th inst., perpetrates the following joke:

It will be seen by reference to our telegraphic head, that Mr. Calhoun took snuff yesterday, about 2 o'clock, P. M., whereupon 129 members of the South Carolina Legislative *sneezed*.

QUITE ILLUSTRATIVE.—A fisherman of Beverly, Mass., was accosted by a famous Free Soiler there, with the inquiry, "These are Free Soil fish, I suppose?" to which the fisherman promptly responded, "Yes, I rather guess they are, for they have *turned two or three times* since I caught them."

☞ We find in the Sunday Dispatch, of Philadelphia, (bad, place, that city of Brotherly Love,) the following paragraph. We trust that the sayings of the Dispatch have little weight with spinsters, although what need we care about it, for we, at least, are secure, except that in our philanthropy, we have some simpathy for many of our bachelor friends:

"This I set down as a positive truth: a woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. Only let us be thankful the darlings are like the beasts of the field and do not know their own power!"

☞ The less a man sleeps the more he lives. Napoleon consumed four hours in sleep. General Cass rises at dawn, and it is said that John Van Buren rises at four o'clock. Gratton one day came to his son and pushing until he awakened, "Come said he, get up, recollect it is the early bird that catches the worm." "Serves the worm right, said the witty slumberer, for being abroad so early."

COOL.—Mr. Dray, jewelor and watchmaker of Cincinnati, left his store in Main street for a few minutes, under the care of a boy, and while he was absent a young man stepped in and requested to be shown a gold watch and chain. The boy handed one to him, he took it without further ceremony, thanked the boy, put it in his pocket and *ramoused*. He escaped pursuit.

☞ "A *young man*" "*of middle age*" advertises for a wife in a New York paper. He requires wealth in the lady, and will offset thereto a patent right which he owns.

OHIO CITY.—A new town has sprung up at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, upon an elevated site, on the Missouri side, which promises to become a place of great importance. It is called Ohio City.—The whole trade and travel of the West tend to that point.

GROWTH OF OHIO.—The State of Ohio is now in her 61st year, or rather it is now 61 years since the first white citizen moved into what is now that State—yet she polls a vote approximating to *three hundred thousand*.—The fact abundantly shows the rapid progress of the country.

NEW ARTICLE OF COMMERCE.—A late London paper says that an importation of teeth into that city from Paris is advertised; the teeth having been extracted from the jaws of the insurgents and their opponents, slain in the insurrection.

☞ That Cholera never has prevailed as an epedemic in any part of New England, is attributed with considerable plausibility to the prudence of the people and to the general cleanliness of their towns and cities.

A VETERAN DEAD.—We learn from the Wahington Examiner, of the death of Mr. William Adams, a soldier of the Revolution, at the good old age of one hundred years. Mr. Adams served during the whole war, and was attached to "Flying Camp," so termed.

☞ The Corpus Christi Star calls upon our government to remove the Lipan Indians. The editor says they have killed more men and stolen more horses in western Texas than any other tribe of Indians.

INDIAN RUBBER LEGS.—A London inventor has applied vulcanized India Rubber to the purpose of making artificial legs, which are said to be the most useful substitute for a limb that have not yet been devised.

☞ A company has been formed in London for the purpose of Colonizing the waste lands of New Brunswick with the industrious poor who cannot get work in England.

SUPERSTITION.—The death of Lieut. Dale, one of the explorers of the Dead Sea, has increased the superstitious dread of the people in the Eastern countries, of similar undertakings.

ALABAMA.—There are several applicants for the post of U. S. Senator, rendered vacant by the death of Dixon H. Lewis. An exchange says that Mr. Houston, now a member of the House of Representatives, is among the most prominent. Neither this vacancy, nor that held by Mr. King, can be filled, permanently, untill after the election of a new legislature, as the sessions in that State are held bienially. Both Senators, therefore, until the meeting of the next legislature, will hold their offices by appointment from the Governor.

GOLD DOLLAR.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger advocates the coinage of one dollar gold pieces. It would certainly be a great national convenience to have a gold dollar, which could be sent by mail, and be equally valuable in all parts of the Union. Other nations have their convenient gold coins, worth about a dollar, such, for instance, as the one-sixteenth doubloon worth 99 cents.

☞ Samuel Lawrence, the greatest Wool purchaser and manufacturer in the country, says: "The business of growing Wool in this country, is destined to be of immense importance, and I am firm in the belief that within twenty-five years, we shall produce a greater quantity than any other nation;" and, he adds, there is not enough annually raised in this country, by ten thousand pounds, to meet the demand of the manufacturers.

LITERARY ITCHING.—It is astonishing how many persons are tormented with a literary itching, nothing can allay, but scratching with a pen.

☞ WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—We have not unfrequently called attention to this article in the columns of our paper, and we have done so with the full confidence that it was a good one, and deservinn the patronage of the public. We have had a chance to witness its effects upon some of our friends, which in addition to the high encomiums passed upon it by our brethern of the press, not in paid puffs, but in honest candid statements, from having derived a benefit themselves, makes us desirous of advising all those who have occasion to resort to a remedy for pulmonary affections, to avail themselves of it. We have too much confidence, in the proprietors to be believe they would thrust this or any other medicine upon the community, unless they had full faith in its efficacy—in confirmation of which the proprietors offer a mass of testimony from the most unquestionable sources. Neither would they be understood as saying that this will always cure consumption after it is seated, although it seldom fails to relieve the worst cases—but at this season of the year almost every body is liable to a cold, which if neglected will lead to fatal results—by taking this medicine, we doubt not many lives may be saved.—*New England Washingtonian, Boston Jan. 1-17.*

☞ See advertisement.

☞ We would earnestly advise all who are afflicted with dropsy or gravel, or any disease of the kidneys, to resort at once to G. W. Vaughn's Vegetable Lithontriptic Mixture. This great American Remedy has singular properties. We happen to know of a case of dropsy which was most unsuccessfully treated by two of the first physicians of Boston, one of them almost the oldest practitioner in it, and the friends took hold of the matter with with Vaughn's Lithontriptic and effected a cure. The opponents of "quackery" may cry as loud as they please, give us Quackery if Vaughn's article is one of its fruits. Seriously, we are tired of this humbug which surrounds the medical profession of the present day: here is an article, this very medicine we speak of taking case after case and curing them when the "profession" have exhausted all their lore, and did nothing, and yet would make the public think such an article as this Lithontriptic has no virtue. Reader put your faith in Vaughn's article, read the pamphlet &c., call upon Agents under advertisement of Great American Remedy in our paper.

By Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Weekly Observer.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25—3, P. M.

MARKET.—Flour quiet and rather in favor of buyers.—Sales 4000 bbls. at $4 31 for mixed and common; $5 37 a5 44 for straight.

Sales 2000 bush prime Illinois wheat at $1 15.

Sales 10,000 bush mixed corn at 67 cts: new norteern 68 cts.

Oats 31a35 cts.

Pork steady but not active.

Whiskey 21½a21¾.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

The National Intelligencer says that 41 counties in Virginia heard from, the vote of Gen. Taylor is less than that for Clay in '44, by 2133.

The North Carolina legislature met on Monday. Both branches being tied, it is doubtful on whom the election of U. S. Senator will fall.

ALABAMA.—Full returns and reported majorities from all the counties give the State to Cass by 644 majority.

MISSISSIPPI.—All heard from but 12 counties. Taylor about 100 ahead. Result still doubtful

TEXAS.—The N. O. Crescent, of the 18.h, has the following from Texas. Galveston has given Cass 22 majority. Houston, 110; one precinct in Calhoun county gives 22 for Taylor, 10 for Cass. The State is conceded to Cass.

Black, who murdered the Steward of the Atlantic at Pittsburgh, was discharged on $6,000 bail.

Advices from Mexico to the 4th inst. The Picayune says the republic in a restless, almost peverish state.—Although we hear no more political outbreaks. Robberies upon the highways and in the streets are frequent.—Police inefficient. The savages are devastating the frontier states. Government is without funds, and Congress does nothing. The papers are continually pointing to Santa Anna. Congress has authorized a loan of $800,000, based on the indemnity to be paid by the United States. Gen. Bustamente commanding 300 troops, is operating in the Sierra Madre mountains.

BUFFALO, Nov. 24—3½ A. M.

This morning the weather was wet and disagreeable, and but little movement in produce. There is much less produce in store at this point now than at this time last season.

Sales of flour do not exceed 2000 bbls. at $4 50a4 62½, for common to choice brands. Little doing in wheat, bush. Sandusky sold at 93cts.; 10890 bu. Chicago and Southport, at 78 for the former, 86 for the latter.

Corn quiet, 1230 bu., sold on credit at 56 cts.

Highwines 29a29½.

WE WANT TO LIVE IN BALTIMORE.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says—When a Baltimoro girl is kissed she says she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.

MARRIED:

On the 21st inst., by the Rev. G. W. Cleaveland, Mr. JAMES WEED and Miss MARTHA ANN GROSS, all of Waterford.

DIED.

At the residence of his son-in-law, George Moorhead, of Harborcreek township, MOSES BARNETT, Sr., late of Fairview township, and formerly of Dauphin county in this State, aged 84 years.

On Saturday the 18th inst, of an affection of the lungs, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MEHAFFEY, aged 11 years and 5 months.

In Wayne, on the 19th inst., SUSANNAH daughter of John and Salomy Smith, aged 18 years 7 months and 7 days.

Notice to those whom it may Concern.

THOSE that know themselves indebted to me by Note or Book account, are requested to call and pay on or before the first day of January next; or Cost will be made.

Erie, Nov 23, 1848. 6w29 WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES.

MR. FLETCHER respectfully announces to the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute *Daguerreotypes* in a style unequalled in this section of country, at his

Daguerr'an Gallery

over the Erie Bank, South side of the Public Square. The Hunters Premium for Daguerreotypes was recently awarded to him, by the Berkshire County (Mass.) Fair, and from long experience in the Art, both in the Southern and Eastern States, he hopes to be able to give perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Minatures neatly set in Rose Wood and Black Walnut frames, and morocco cases of various sizes and different styles. Also on hand a splendid assortment of Gold Lockets, Pins and Rings made expressly for Daguerreotypes.

Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens. ABEL FLETCHER.

Erie, Nov. 25, 1848. tf23

A CARD.

MR. EDITOR, Sir—Prompted by more than or linary feelings of respect for CAPT. JAMES McIVRIDE, of the U. S. Steam Ship Michigan, who is about to leave the command until next Spring, we inform him that he carries with him the thanks of his crew for his pacific and mild treatment while in command of the Michigan. Capt. McIntosh is a sailor of the old school, combining all those gentlemanly qualifications so indispensable to a Capt. of an American Man of War, and conscious to a fault of the honor of that he has so long and creditably served. We should feel highly flattered were we permitted to serve him under any circumstances, right or wrong. Yours respectfully, T. A. F

Erie Nov. 28, 1848. 1t28

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Law Partnership existing under the the name of Graham & Thompson, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. All suits brought by the said Graham & Thompson, will receive the attention of the subscribers until fully determined.

CARSON GRAHAM,
Erie, May 15, 1848. 3t28. JAMMES THOMPSON.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has placed his business in the hands of BENJAMIN GRANT, Esq., and persons wishing information in regard to business yet undetermined, or wishing to engage his services for the future, will please to apply to his office in the Tanany Buildings, adjoining the office of J. C. Marshall, Esq.

JAMES THOMPSON.

Nov. 23, 1848. tf28

Baltimore Oysters!!

FRESH OYSTERS, of superior quality, put up by Holt & Maltby, in Large and small Cans, are received daily at their Depot, Canada Store, Reed House, and for sale by the Can or Package. JAMES P. HOLMES, Ag't

Erie, Nov. 22, 1848 2w28

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.

MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she has taken the well know stand in the Reed House Row, recently occupied by M. W. Keith, where she has now and purposes keeding constantly on hand, a large assortment of

CONFECTIONARIES,

of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Poached Eggs, Cold Fowls, Boiled ham, Pork and Beans, Hot Coffee, Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention.

Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies who may wish to eat OYSTERS. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of Buffalo, and will endeavor to afford universal satisfaction. She indulges the hope that the same liberal patronage which was extended to her predecessor will be continued to her.

Erie, Nov. 23, 1848.

9000 HAVANNA and Principi Cigars, choice brands, and a Simon Pure importation, just received and for sale by BURTON & PERKINS.

10 GROSS Clark's matches
do Wesleyville do
Wax Tapers and cigar lights, at
Nov. 18. BURTON & PERKINS.

5 CASES Fahnstock's Vermifuge, just received and for sale Wholesale and Retail, by BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 18, 1848. 28

179 LBS. Camphor,
150 lbs. Sup. Carb. Soda,
100 lbs. Castile and box soaps:
300 lbs. Brimstone,
75 lbs Spts Nitre and Aqua Ammonia, just received and for sale by BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 25, 1848. 28

BY USING Mrs. Jervis' Cold Candy, to be had at
[Nov. 29.] BURTON & PERKINS.

Buffalo and Pittsburgh

WHITE LEAD—100 kegs ground in oil, for sale by
[Nov. 28.] BURTON & PERKINS.

COOPER'S GELATIVE, for Jellies, Blanc Mange, &c. &c., a beautiful article, for sale by BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 28, 1848. 28

FRESH Salad oil, Ground Pure Mustard, Pepper Sauce, Extract Lemon, Vanilla, Bitter Almond, and Celery; Vanilla Bean, English Currants, etc., etc., for sale by
Nov. 28, 1848. 28

A CARD.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & WOOD, professors of Instrumental Music and Dancing, having returned to Erie with the intention of remaining during the Winter, beg leave to return their thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to them heretofore, and would embrace this opportunity of offering their service to Parties, Balls or Schools, during the coming season. Their terms are liberal. For particulars call at the American Hotel.

Erie, Nov. 18, 1848. 4t27

DISSOLUTION.

Notice to the Patrons of the Erie Observer.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Durlin & Sloan, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts of the late firm are in the hands of A. P. Durlin, for collection, and those in arrears are notified that payment *must* be made during the coming winter to save costs. Those having demands against the firm will present them at the office, where he will remain for the purpose of settlement.

A. P. DURLIN.
Erie, Nov. 14, 1848. B. F. SLOAN.

Public Schools.

THE Board of School Directors of Erie Borough wish to employ two Principal Teachers, competent to take charge of the new East and West Ward Schools, and four Female Teachers for the same. Applications will be received until the 1st Monday in December next

JAMES C. REID, Sec'y.
Nov. 15, 1848.

TEAS—Young Hyson, Imperial and Ponchong Teas, cheap, by
J. B. HAWES.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

HILBRIDGE & TATTERSALL'S HEAVE POWDERS.

IT HAS CURED, in the last year—
1500 Cases of Heaves,
2000 " " Chronic Cough,
200 " " Broken Wind,
5000 " " Horses out of Condition, and other diseases.

This remedy is put up in large packages, weighing over one pound, sufficient to administer to a horse for about 16 days, and to cure an ordinary case—thus it will be seen that it is the cheapest Heave medicine that can be given, as only one dollar's worth is requisite in most Cases to cure. We know of many who have improved the value of a heavy horse fifty and some one hundred dollars, by one dollars worth of the Tattersall Heave Powders.—Only be sure to get the genuine article, and your money will be amply repaid to you.

More than 500 certificates verbal and written, have been received, attesting to the virtue of this inestimable remedy, but we have only space to subjoin the following:

Read the following:—"This is to certify, that I cured a horse of mine of the Heaves, by one package of Tattersall's Heave Powders. The horse has made no sign of the Heaves since the Powder was given, and I believe the cure to be permanent. As a medicine for horses, I believe it is all it is recommended for.

O. S. HALL, Farmer.
Town of Scriba, Oswego county, March 21, 1845.
Kirkland, Oneida County, N. Y.

MESSRS. GOUGH & KETCHUM—GENTS.—Having a young horse that had, much to his injury, contracted the Heaves, I purchased for it an article called "Heave Cure" but which I think should be called "horse maker," as it made the horse a great deal worse than before. I was afterwards induced to give it the "Tattersall Heave Powders," and the effect was an immediate restoration to soundness. I have since been offered *fifty dollars* more for the horse than I offered it for before it took your medicine. Yours,

J. BURLINGAME.

"CAUTION."—Imitations and worthless compounds have followed us wherever we have introduced our remedy, and we understand that several new ones are being put up for circulation.—Beware of those, and take no remedy but "the Tattersall."

None genuine without the signature of A. H. Gough & Co.—Price one dollar per Package, six for five dollars. Prepared and and sold wholesale and retail by GOUGH & KETCHUM, 149 Fulton Street, N. Y. Carter & Brother, Agents, Erie, Pa.
Nov. 25, 1848. 6m28

Stray Steers.

CAME into the Inclosure of the subscriber, in Greene township, sometime in September last, two yearling Steers, one red, and the other red and white: no artificial marks. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER,
Greene, Nov. 23, 1848. 3t23

A CARD.

☞ The Ladies and Gentlemen of Erie and vicinity, are respectfully informed that Lewis' Gothic Hall is now open, and will continue to be for a term of years, should nothing unforeseen occur. I have built it expressly for carrying on the Watch, Clock and Jewelry business on a fair and substantial basis, as people are often imposed upon by transient dealers, stopping only for a few weeks or months in a place. I am induced to make the above statement also for another reason—that statements have already been made in regard to me, that I am going to stay but a short time, and that I am cheating and deceiving the people. That is false. I have commenced business with the determination of continuing the same so long as the patronage of the people of Erie will sustain me in selling goods for a fair and reasonable profit, and doing their work for a reasonable compensation. Many thanks for the liberal patronage already received.

WM. N. LEWIS.
Erie, Nov. 16, 1848 25

New Concern.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of H. Cook, in the Store occupied by him in the Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa., I would respectfully call the attention of my friends and the public generally to my stock of cheap

Wet & Dry Family Groceries.

I will keep a good assortment, and will sell as low as any other in this market.

Nov. 15, 1848. JOHN B HAWES.

WHITE WASH, Scrubbing, Shoe and Hearth Brushes for sale low by J. B. HAWES.

PORK Barrels for sale cheap at No. 5. Bonnel Block State St. by J. B. HAWES.

OLIVE OIL, Pepper Sauce, mustard cinnamon, Bay Rum, Port, &c., for sale by J. B. HAWES.

STONE Ware, just received and for sale low by J. B. HAWES.

BUFFALO Rectified Whiskey, by the bbl or gallon, by J. B. HAWES.

FRESH, PURE AND CHEAP!

BURTON & PERKINS, AT THEIR OLD STAND, No. 5, REED HOUSE,

ARE now receiving their Winter stock of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Brushes, Varnishes, Groceries, Fancy and miscellaneous articles, to which they invite the attention of Physicians, Painters, Clothiers, Tanners, and consumers generally. *"For Particulars see small Bills."* Nov. 18, 1848.

Paints, Dye-Stuffs, &c.

1000 LBS. Rochelle and Yellow Ochre,
2000 lbs. Whiting.
300 lbs. Venitian Red, 300 lbs. Red lead & Litharge,
20 bbls Dye-Stuffs, 130 lbs. Sanford's extract logwood,
150 lbs. Gum Shellac, 300 gals. Turpentine;
120 gals. Linseed Oil 50 " Varnishes,
125 " Alcohol. For sale by
Nov. 18, 1848. BURTON & PERKINS.

Colds, Coughs and Consumption.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, (large bottles)
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry
Swayne's do do do
Ayres' Cherry Pectoral
Bristol's Balsam Hourhound, and other medicines for the above diseases, for sale by BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 18, 1848. 27

PEKIN COMPANY'S Green and Black Teas. A fresh supply of these popular Teas just received by the Agents
Nov 14. BURTON & PERKINS.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons owing at my store (special contracts excepted) are requested to make payment before the first of next January and save costs. P. METCALF.
Nov. 18, 1848. 27

School Books.

SANDER'S Primary and Pictorial Primer,
Do. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4 h Readers,
McGuffey's 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Readers,
Town's Speller, Definer an I Analysis,
Do. 1st, 2d, 3d and fourth Readers,
Arithmetics—Thomson's Mental and Practical, Adams', Davies', Smith's and Colburn's,
Grammars—Bullion's Kirkham's, Smith's and Browns.
Geographies—Mitchell's with Atlas, Olney's do., Smith's do., Morse's Quarto Geography, Parley's do., Goodrich's do., Mitchell's do.
Algebras—Davies', Thomson's and Robinson's,
Philosophy—Comstock's, Olmstead's and Phelps',
Physiology—Cutler's, Comstock's and Taylor's.
Astronomy—Burritt's and Olmstead's,
Geology—Hitchcox's,
Classics—Grammers, Lexicons and Reading Books in the Latin, Greek, German, French and Italian.
Histories—Willard's, Wilson's, Coles', Goodrich's,
Rhetoric—Newman's, Boyd's and Blair's,
Astronomical Maps, Writing Books, Port Folios, Slates, Pencils, Quills, Steel Pens, Ink &c., for sale wholesale and retail at the New Book Store. W. E. HEWSON & CO.
Nov. 18, No. 8 Reed House.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

The Great Remedy for Consumption of the Lungs, Affections of the Liver, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pains or Weakness of the Breast or Lungs, Chronic Cough, Pleurisy, Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and all other diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

Important Caution.

Beware of a *base counterfeit* of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, signed by one Wm. M. Spear, who, in order to palm his vile imitation upon the public, has obtained a *fac simile* of our bottle, and copied our label of directions *verbatim*, substituting his own name for that of Henry Wistar, M. D, which is found on the genuine

Remember, the outside label or wrapper of the genuine Balsam is a finely executed steel plate engraving, bearing the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D, and Sanford & Park—none other can be genuine.

ANOTHER INVALID RESTORED TO HEALTH.

(Read the following statement of facts from Mr Eli Bailey, a highly respectable merchant of Vienna, Johnson co, Illinois.)

GENTLEMEN:—A desire to benefit the afflicted throughout the land has alone induced me to make the following statement of facts respecting one of the most astonishing cures ever recorded. My son, now seventeen years of age, has been afflicted during his whole life, with a constant cough, pain in the side and chest, accompanied with night sweats and hectic fever, which produced great emaciation and debility; and at intervals during the night, his expectoration would become so great as to endanger his life from strangulation. During the time he was attended by many physicians of the highest repute, whose prescriptions gave but temporary relief—in fact, so alarming were the symptoms and so inveterate was his disease, that I was compelled to believe him *beyond the reach of Medical aid*!

All of our neighbors and friends who saw him, regarded him as one who was rapidly approaching an early and premature grave. After having thus exhausted the skill of the best physicians without obtaining relief, I was prevailed upon by the advice of a friend to make use of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*.

He commenced its use about the 30th of December, 1841, the first bottle of which gave astonishing relief, and I began again to indulge in the fond hope that he might yet be restored to health.

After having continued the use of it until three bottles had been taken, the disease was entirely overcome, and his shattered constitution and emaciated form restored to sound and permanent health, which he continues to enjoy up to the present time.

I believe the *genuine* Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry to be one of the most valuable medicines ever discovered—knowing, as I do, that the above cure was effected solely by its use.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant.
April 9, 1846. ELI BAILEY.

CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS

Will please read the following statement from the Harrison Gazette:—The incredulous are invited to read the following note from Rev Mr Coldron, whose character for truth and veracity stands above suspicion, and have their doubts dispelled as to the superiority of *WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY* over all other remedies now before the public of the same character.

CORYDON, Ind, Jan. 28, 1848.

It is no less a duty than a pleasure to state for the benefit of the afflicted, that I consider *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* a great blessing to the human race. Having tried it in case of severe affliction of the lungs, I unhesitatingly recommend it to those similarly afflicted as the best remedy I have ever tried and one which cured me when physicians said I must die, and when I thought myself, that my time to depart was near at hand.

WILLIAM COLDRON.

There is a difference between WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and all other preparations of Wild Cherry. The true and genuine Balsam, as sold by us, contains, besides the extract of Wild Cherry bark, other medical agents of great character and efficacy in the cure of coughs, colds, and general diseases of the chest and lungs. But all the important difference between this medicine and all others of the kind is, that Wistar's Balsam cures, while other remedies give only temporary relief to the sufferer.

Sold by J. D. Park, (successor to Sanford & Park,) Fourth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. General Agent for the South and West, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Carter & Brother Erie Pa.; H. B. & C. Case Girard; Farrar Whitney & Co. Waterford; D. N. & J. S. Webster Conneaut Ohio; S. S. & J. H. Fassett Ashtabula; J. McFarland Meadville Pa.; S. Wilcox Jr. do.
Erie, Nov. 19, 1848. 1y27

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

JOHN M. JUSTICE returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public in general, for the liberal patronage extended to him, and would beg leave to inform them that he has just opened at

NO. 6, BONNELL BLOCK STATE ST.,

a large and good assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, which, owing to the tightness of the money market in the eastern cities, he has purchased from the Importers at a great sacrifice, which enables him to offer the best bargains ever before heard of in this market. Among his stock may be found fine French, English, and American Cloths and Cassimeres, which will be made up to order and warranted. Also, ready made Dress and Frock Coats, Overcoats, and Sack Coats, Pants and Vests, Shirts and Drawers, Ribbs, and Suspenders, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Persons wishing to purchase clothing for Cash, will do well to call and examine goods and prices, as my goods are cut by myself, and made in Erie by the best hands that can be had, without regard to price, and are warranted to be as well made as any Shop in Erie makes. Persons wishing clothing, can have their measure taken and clothing made, and if not suited with them when done, they will not be asked to take them.

Custom work and Cutting done on the most reasonable terms and warranted.

☞ No charge for showing goods—call and examine for yourselves at No. 6, BONNELL BLOCK.
Erie, Sept. 27, 1848. State St.

999 LBS. Camwood, 700 lbs. Fustick, and 300 lbs. Nickwood by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

588 LBS. FIRST quality Madder, and 300 lbs. extra Logwood Sandford's best, Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

777 LBS. Copperas, 600 lbs. Alum, and 600 lbs. Blue Vitriol, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

888 LBS. Sulphuric, Nitric and Muriatic Acids, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

COCHINEAL, Cud Bear, Solution of Tin, Cream Tartar, and Indigo, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

TANNER'S OIL, by the Barrel or Gallon, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

BLEACH'D WHALE OIL, and Camphine, cheap for cash, by Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

Glass! Glass! Glass!

NEW YORK, New Jersey, and French Window Glass. Single and double thickness. The largest assortment ever brot into this market, by the box or single light, by
Nov. 10, CARTER & BROTHER.

Books.

THE Complete Produce Reckoner, showing the value by pound or bushel of all the different kinds of grain; so arranged as to present at one glance, the value of the whole number of bushels and pounds at the same rate, the price computed in dollars and cents; also a Ready Reckoner, for all kinds of Merchandise, from one cent to one dollar; a Table for computing interest; Tables for calculating the price of Hay, the measure of Wood and Stone; the contents of Cisterns, &c. &c., just published and for sale, wholesale and retail at W. E. HEWSON & CO'S.
Nov. 6, No. 8, Reed House.

150 POUNDS American Vermilion and Chrome Yellow by Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

500 LBS. Red Lead and Litharge, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

699 LBS. Lampblack, and 450 lbs. Asphaltum, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

30 DOZEN Paint and Varnish Brushes, and 6 doz. Whitewash Brushes, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

6000 LBS. WHITE LEAD, Dry and in Oil for sale [Nov. 6.] CARTER & BROTHER.

200 KEGS PURE WHITE LEAD from Brooklyn, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

600 LBS. FRENCH & YELLOW OCHRE. Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

600 LBS. VENITIAN Red, English. Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

999 LBS WHITING By Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

199 LBS. FRENCH & Chrome Green. Nov. 6. CARTER & BROTHER.

149 GALLONS Furniture, Coach, Chair and Japan Varnish, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

299 GALLONS Linseed Oil and Spirits of Turpentine, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

GLUE and Sand Paper, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

To Carpenters and Joiners.

W. E. HEWSON & CO. have just received a large assortment of Tools, such as

Grooving Plow of different kinds,		Quirk Ogee,	
Gauge	do	do	Grecian do
Splitting Gauge	do	do	Quirk Ovolo,
Panel do	do	do	Roman do
Hand Rail Planes	do	do	Grecian do
Halving do	do	do	Nibbet Planes,
Match, do	do	do	Sash do
Plank Match Planes	do	do	Board Rules,
Pilaster do	do	do	Cane do
Quirk Ogee,			Flat,

Which will be sold very cheap for Cash. Call and see.
Oct. 27. W. E. HEWSON & CO., No. 8, Reed House.

New Books.

HISTORY of the Purchase and Settlement of Western New York. And of the rise, progress and present state of the Presbyterian Church in that section. By Rev. James H. Hotchkin.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation; a Book for the times. By an American Citizen.

Tuankfulness; a narrative comprising passages from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple. By Charles B. Taylor. For sale by
Oct. 20. W. E. HEWSON & CO.
No. 8, Reed House.

HISTORY OF TEN YEARS, 1830—1840, or France under Louis Phillippe. By Louis Blanc.

The Prose Writers of Germany. By Frederic H. Hedge. Illustrated with Portraits. For sale by W. E. HEWSON & CO.

Notice.

THE Annual meeting of the Female Benevolent Society of Erie will be held at the vestry room of St. Paul's Church, on Thursday the 9th of November, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

It is hoped that there will be a large attendance, not only of those who have been previously, or are now members, but also of all others who feel an interest in the objects of the Society.
Erie, Oct. 25, 1848.

Great Bargains.

I AM NOW receiving my Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Chains &c., comprising a stock of over twenty-five thousand Dollars, which was purchased direct from the Manufactories, both in Europe and America, at prices unheard of before; all of which will be sold for Cash at prices far below any Goods before sold in this market. Returning my sincere thanks to my old Customers for their very liberal patronage, I purpose to compensate them this fall and winter with the greatest bargains of past times. Now is the time!—next year I predict higher prices. H. CADWELL.
Erie, Oct. 23, 1848.

TAILORING.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he still continues the business of TAILORING at his old stand, where he will be happy to save them from the horrors of shop shop clothing, by making a fair and handsome garment at a very reasonable price. He returns his thanks to the public generally for its kind and liberal patronage heretofore, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive the same for the future; as he feels confident that from long experience in some of the principal shops of London and New York, he can execute any work entrusted to him in the most workmanlike, fashionable and satisfactory manner.

Oct. 23, 1848. JOHN GOALDING.

N. B. CUTTING done on the shortest notice and with particular care. Shop, situate south of the Diamond, and a few doors east of the Erie Bank.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!—Broche, Cashmere, M. de Lain, Wool, Plaid, &c., will be found cheap at
Oct. 6. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

Ladies Dress and Cloak Goods,

CONSISTING of Cashmere, Mou de Lanes, black, striped, plaid and shaded Alpaccas, French Merino, silk plaid Madonas, Mohair lustre, &c., &c. just opened at
Erie, Oct 16, 1848. GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.

SHAWLS.

BROCHA, Turkien, Cashmere, Muslin de Lane and Blanket Shawls, a good assortment at GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.
Oct 16. 72

Paper Hangings.

1000 PIECES Wall paper and Bordering; 150 do Window paper, for sale cheaper than ever by
Oct. 16. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

New Goods.

WE have this day received by express, a nice assortment of French Merino, Silk, Mohair. Thibet cloth, Cashmere and M de Laine &c., at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848.

New Goods.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—The subscriber is now receiving his Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, Iron, Nails, &c., which will make his stock full and complete, and will make his stock very cheap. Call and see. The prices will suit you, no doubt, as I will not be undersold for ready pay, by any one in Erie.
Oct. 22, SMITH JACKSON.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Doct. Albert Thayer, late of Millcreek township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement. [Nov. 4, 1848.] ALVIN THAYER, Adm'r.

ERIE ACADEMY:

THE WINTER TERM OF THE ERIE ACADEMY commences Monday, November 27, under the superintendence of

Mr. J. HENRY BLACK, A. B., Teacher of Languages and the Natural Sciences, assisted by Mr. EDWARD P. B. ORTON, A. B., Teacher of Mathematics and German; Mr. DANIEL P. ENSIGN, Teacher in English Literature, Penmanship and Vocal Music, and Miss. EUSEBIA JOHNSON, Teacher in the Female Department and in the French Language.

TUITION PER QUARTER.

In the Languages	$4 00
In Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.,	3 00
In other Branches,	2 00

The regular time for admission is at the beginning or middle of the term. No one will be admitted for less than half a quarter.

From the pleasant and healthful location of the Academy, the advantages which it possesses of Philosophical and astronomical apparatus, and the ability of the teachers, both to impart knowledge, and to discipline the conduct, it is confidently believed that very superior inducements are presented to all who may be desirous of pursuing a course of *systematic* and *thorough* instruction.

THOS. H. SILL, Pres. GEO. A. ELLIOTT.
Erie, Nov. 11, 1848. 25

Miscellaneous Selections.

"A LEG IN A TIGHT PLACE."

"A Greek," well known in the Western part of the State, says the Spirit, under the soubriquet of "Major Duply," was entertaining a party of his acquaintances the other night by narrating some facts "of portance in his travel's history." One of the crowd inquired, "Major, what was the tightest place you ever got into?"

The Major looked reflecting for a moment, took a big drink, and began—"Well, the first time I went down South, going from Natchez to Orleans, on the old Moselle, the same that's bursted her biler since, I come across a tough up-country, sort of fellow—a varmint looking chap from somewhere back of Memph's. I hadn't been aboard long before he and me got yoked at a game of Twenty Deck, and by the time we tied up at the Levee in Orleans, I'd got pretty much all he had, (about $400) and had 'gin him a wrinkle in a gin'ral way, into the bargin.' We both stooped at the same house in Camp Street, and the first night we got there, just after supper, my up-country friend beckoned me out of the bar-room, and taking me some ways up a dark alley, that was next the hotel, he put his hand to the back of his neck and drew an eighteen inch Bowie—a real cleaver. Gemini! I thought he was going to divide me, and I sung out "Stranger, put-up your scythe—how much do you want?"—Maybe I didn't feel better when he broke his mind to me, and I found out that he wanted to 'spout' his knife to me for a 'Ten, to go to the Masquerade.'—I reckon I hauled out my old wallet quicker and handed over the X—at the same time just taking the cutlary by way of indemnity for the past and security for the future."

The major says he isn't a leg—"he's an Artist."

A Good one.—The following is an extract of a letter dated Satillo.

Near a pretty village, called Seguin, a few of us fell in with an odd fish, enjoying a Colonel's commission. He has a strange habit of using the longest words, and invariably misapplying them for instance, (he wished to sell us some lots,) Buy here, gentlemen, if you wish to make fortunes—here's the location for a magnaninous city; we're at the foot of navigation. Next year I'll put up a lawyer's apothecary's doins, and a blacksmith's institution, and afterwards a regular cimetry, when all the folks from the circum-jasper counties will send in their boys and girls of both sexes to be McAdamized into a college education. Then I'll instruct a meet-in-house, and the stores and taverns will spring up in course. I can't do this till next year, cos I havn't got hard cash enough yet, and I'll have nothing to do with the darned bank bills; let a man offer me one, and it'll don't make a sacrement of him. Do you see that well?—I'll put a pumphandle into it, and fix an anecdote to fetch the water through the meandering and turpentine walks in my sass garding, and the effects of the arrogation will be such that the very air will be polluted with the odoriferous execrations protruded from the flowers—(if I'm an accoucher in anything, it's in flowers)—I'll put up a diarrhœa in the middle of 'em for the women folks to store the milk and butter, &c., and then run a condition through my house, and provision it off, but I'll run up a real edifice next year and clap a chronology on the top, so that the ladies and gentlemen may look at the milkey way through a horoscope that I'll export from Galveston. I can't do it all at once, as my women folks are growing up, and getting more and more costive and expensive every year. Come in, gentlemen—let us liquor.

"I Can't Spare Time."—The four words with which we head this article, in the effects which they have produced, have been the cause of a great deal of mischief, and have kept many from embarking manfully in the work of storing up intellectual treasures. When a young man is urged to commence at once the work of study, he turns and lets fall the four simple words, "I can't spare time," and thinks he has given sufficent excuse from further attention to the subject.

There are many mechanics too, who, instead of doing their part towards the cultivation of their own minds, and throwing their influence and talent into the general stock for the improvement of an association, satisfy themselves with the observation, and perhaps really think they "can't spare time." The excuse is a very handy one, and has passed current too long, for, in a majority of cases, there is neither sense nor truth in it.

In the first place, it need not occupy a great portion of time; for by proper management, a large share of invaluable information may be obtained in a short time; of this many may be convinced by trying the experiment.

There is enough lost or wasted in the persuit of what men call pleasure, which, if properly applied, would place them in a high state of cultivation.—Time can be found to ride and dance, and sing—time can be found to lounge and talk nonsence; but alas! how many think they "can't spare the time," to the noblest and best part of their nature; that alone which elevates and causes them to feel the "divinity within."

California.—The Washington Union contains an extract from a letter, written by an officer at Monterey, California, from which we take the following: "California cannot support a dense population; there is too much open country, only fit for grazing purposes; extensive ridges of mountains, with large level plains between them, most of which are destitute of timber, and, with small exceptions, cannot be cultivated for want of moisture; no rains from March to the latter part of November, or some time in December: Some of the valleys might be irrigated, and made to produce the most abundant crops. The country, I have no doubt, is rich, very rich, in minerals—quicksilver, silver, gold, and copper. A mine, some eighty miles north of this, owned by a Mr. Forbes, has within the last four or five months yielding more than $20,000 worth of quicksilver; the whole of which, in truth I may say, was made in the way of experiment in ascertaining the extent and value of the mine, and with the most rude and simple apparatus; nothing more than one or two whalers' kettles, such as are used trying out whale oil, converted into ovens for heating the ore. There is not a single navigable river in California, except those entering into the bay of San Francisco. How far they are navigable, and for what sized boats—must be small ones—I know not. San Francisco bay will be the great commercial point of this coast—it cannot be any other place. Monterey is a handsome site for a large town—has a population perhaps a little raising of 1200, but no back country; harbor easy of access, and altogether an open roadstead, is perfectly safe, as the northerly winds never blow home, (as the sailors say,) and it is protected from the southeasters. Climate most delightful; the ground never freezes, and seldom any frost: woollen clothing comfortable the whole year round. This is along the coast. A short distance, (say 15 or 20 miles) in the interior, the weather is very warm in the summer; vegetation commences with the first rain in November or December, and by July the grass is all parched by the sun."

An Honest Boy.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since under the following circumstances, detailed by the Rochester Democrat. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petetion him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family were pinched for want. The boy revealed the fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed the good resolution—the pocket book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind if not the pocket.

Emigration to Texas.—It is a circumstance significant of the times, in connection with the failure of the potato crop in Ireland again this season, that a large number of landed proprietors—upwards of sixty altogether—left Dublin for Liverpool a few days ago, on their way to Texas, where they are about to locate, having purchased a tract of land with the view of forming a settlement. They take out with them a number of their retainers, and upwards of £60,000 in gold.

"Force of Habit."—A gentleman recently from Africa, while at one of the civilized colonies on the coast, met a colored woman whom he had known in old Virginia, who had obtained her freedom for good conduct, and had migrated to Liberia. "Where are you traveling to, Mary," said the gentleman. "I am going down town to the village on the sea shore. I'm tired of seeing nigger, nigger! I want to see some white folks. But are you doing well here?" Oh, verry well. I make many things and sell 'em. I have four slaves who make palm leaf hats. Slaves, Mary? You emancipated, to have slaves in your own land? Oh, yes, said she, with great simplicty, *must do as they do in old Virginia.*"

An Ecclesiastical Reporter.—"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?" "Oh, I don't know: I have forgotten it. But (would you beleive it?) Mrs. B. wore that horriable bonnet of hers. I couldn't keep my eyes off it all the morning. Mrs. P. had on a little pink bonnet. Mrs. T. wore a shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder her folks don't see folly of extravigance. And there was Mrs. H. with her pelisse. It's astonishing what want of taste some folks exhibit." "Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But what preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A?" "Oh! Mr. A. He is so handsome and so graceful! What an eye, and what a set of teeth he has!"

A Reason for Laughing.—A Person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions. "They are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous." "I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated fop. "I laugh at all those who think me ridiculous." "Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

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BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50

☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

☞ All communications must be post paid.

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Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JOHN B. HAWES,
Dealer in Wet and Dry Family Groceries, at No. 5 Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DR. W. B. DODGE,
Eclectic Physician and operative Surgeon—Graduate of N. Y. College in 1830. As a practitioner "he can't be excelled." *The sick from the country will be treated successfully, or no* charge. Office near Beebe's Store.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office directly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

WILCOX & CO.,
Dealers in Groceries of various kinds, Provisions, Fruits, Candies, Wines, Liquors, &c., opposite Eagle Hotel, next door to Williams' Exchange.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel B. Forkins, 141½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard B. Kimball, Esq., 53 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

WILSON & LATTIMORE,
Physicians and Surgeons. Office over the Erie Bank.
J. P. Wilson, M. D. Wm. P. Lattimore, M. D

GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Office on French street, over S. Jackson's Store Erie,

GALBRAITHS & LANE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

J. B. JOHNSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office in the County Building, up stairs, Erie.

JAMES C. MARSHALL,
Attorney at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

TIBBALS & DEWEY,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 1, Perry Block, State street, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

BENJAMIN GRANT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Commissioner of Deeds, Office in Tammany Hall, second story, six doors west of J. H. Williams' corner, Erie.

P. A. R. BRACE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Prairie du Chien Wisconsin, practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa, Wisconsin, and in Clayton county, Iowa.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

JOSEPH KELSEY,
Manufacturer of Tin, Copper Sheet-iron ware, Air Tight stoves, Stove pipe, &c., corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
General Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
Edwin J. Kelso. W. W. Loomis.

WM. M. GALLAGHER,
General Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and dealer in Salt, Plaster, &c., Warehouse on the Public Dock west of the bridge, Erie.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis, T. M. Austin

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

EAGLE HOTEL,
By Hiram L. Brown, corner of State street and the Public square, Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 111, French street, Erie.

LYTLE & HAMILTON,
Fashionable Merchant Tailors, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

L. WARREN,
Sash, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 8th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 112, French street, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

J. GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, South side of the Public square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and lluentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

MOSES KOCH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie

JOHN H. MILLAR,
County and Borough surveyor—Office third story, No. 1, Perry Block, State street, near 7th, Erie.
April 23, 1848. 50

LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER,
Iron Founders, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c; State street, Erie.

BURTON & PERKINS,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 8, Reed House, Erie.

1848. Rust & Kelsey. 1848
Dealers in Boat Stores, Groceries and Provisions, at the Eighth Street Landing, Erie Pa.
R. & K. are agents for *A. King* in the Storage, Forwarding and Commission Business, at the above mentioned place:
Any business entrusted to their care will be attended to with promptness and dispatch.
L. Rust. S. Kelsey.

GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY

Western New York College of Health.

237, MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. G. C. VAUGHN'S VEGETABLE LITHONTRIPTIC MIXTURE.—This celebrated remedy is constantly increasing in fame by the many cures it is making

ALL OVER THE WORLD.

It has now become the only medicine for family use and is particularly recommended for

DROPSY

all stages of this complaint immediately relieved, no matter of how long standing. *See pamphlet for testimony.*

GRAVEL,

and all diseases of the urinary organs; for these distressing complaints *it stands alone;* no other can relieve you; and the cures testified to will convince the most skeptical; *see pamphlet.* Liver complaints, bilious diseases,

FEVER AND AGUE,—

To the great West especially, and wherever these complaints prevail this medicine is offered.

NO MINERAL AGENT,

no deleterious compound is a part of this mixture, it cures these diseases with certainty and celerity, and does not leave the system torpid. See pamphlet.

FILES, a complaint of a most painful character is

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED,

and a cure follows *by a few days use of this article; it is far before any other preparation for this disease,* or for any other disease originating from impure blood. See pamphlet.

DEBILITY OF THE SYSTEM,

weak back, weakness of the kidneys, &c., or inflamation of the same, *is immediately relieved by a few days use of this medicine,* and a cure is always a result of its use. It stands as

A CERTAIN REMEDY

for such complaints, and also for derangements of the female frame

IRREGULARITIES, SUPPRESSIONS,

painful menstruations. No article has ever been offered except this which would touch this kind of derangements. It may be relied upon as a sure and effective remedy, and did we feel permitted to do so could give a

THOUSAND NAMES

as proof of cures in this distressing class of complaints. See pamphlet. All broken down, debilitated constitutions from the effect of mercury, will find the bracing power of this article to act immediately, and the poisonous mineral eradicated from the system.

ERUPTIVE DISEASES

will find the alternative properties of this article.

PURIFY THE BLOOD,

and drive such diseases from the system. See pamphlet for testimony of cures in all diseases, which the limits of an advertisement will not permit to be named here. Agents give them away; they contain 32 pages of certificates of high character, and a stronger

ARRAY OF PROOF

of the virtues of a medicine, never appeared. It is one of the peculiar features of this article that it never fails to benefit in any case, and if bone and muscle are left to build upon let the emaciated and lingering invalid HOPE ON, and keep taking the medicine as long as there is any improvement. The proprietor would CAUTION THE PUBLIC against, a number of articles which come out under the head of

SARSAPARILLAS, SYRUPS, &c.,

as cures for Dropsy, &c. *They are good for nothing,* and concocted to gull the unwary; TOUCH THEM NOT. Their inventors never thought of curing such diseases till the article had done it. A particular study of the pamphlet is earnestly solicited. Agents and all whoseell the article are GLAD TO CIRCULATE gratuitously.

Put up in 50 oz. bottles, at $2; 12 oz. at $1 each—the largest holding 6 oz. more than two small bottles. *Look out and not get imposed upon.* Every bottle has "Vaughn's Vegetable Lithontripic Mixture," blown upon the glass, the *written* signature of G. C. Vaughn, Buffalo, *stamped upon the cork.* None other genuine.—Prepared by Dr. G. C. Vaughn, and sold at the Principal Office, 207 Main street, Buffalo, at wholesale and retail. No attention given to letters unless post paid—*orders* from regularly constituted Agents excepted; post paid letters, or verbal communications soliciting advice, promptly attended to, gratis.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of this article, 132 Nassau street, New York city; 205 Essex st., Salem, Mass., and by the principal druggists throughout the United States and Canauda, as Agents. For sale by

Carter & Brother and Burton & Perkins, Erie; C. W. Burton, Meadville; Dr. C. Baker, Sparta; B. C. Town & Co., North East; L. L. Jones & Co., Girard; D. S. Smith, Bridgwater; B. Magoffin, Mercer; Hall & Hopkins, Mayville, Chautauque; Sugar Grove; Boyd & Vincent, Waterford; D. M. Williams, and J. D. Summerton, Warren; Chase & McDonnell, Titusville; Abraham Tourtellot, Union; H. R. Terry, Edenboro; S. Hall, Jr. Cranesville; Lounsberry & Wheeler, Lockport; John A. Tracy, Fairview. 1y33

North East Woolen Factory.

7000 YARDS of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, are now ready to be exchanged for wool at the following rates: For plain full cloth, one yard for 2¼ lbs. of wool; Cassimeres 2¼ lbs., to the yard. We will also manufacture during the season, Black, Brown, Steel-mixed cloth at 28 cts. per yard, Cassimeres of the same colors at 30 cts. and white flannel at 18 and 23 cts. per yard.
North East, June 30, 1848. STEVENS & JOWETT.

ERIE MARBLE FACTORY.

THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the Marble business at the old stand on Ninth Street, between State and Peach, nearly opposite the Academy, where he will keep on hand at all times, a large stock, consisting of the different varieties of white and variegated marble, suitable for grave-stones, (set in sockets or without.) Tomb-tables, monuments, &c. Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine stock and prices. As I am not to be undersold, I pledge myself to furnish any thing in my line, from 15 to 25 per cent less than it can be had of the traveling agents for Eastern Factories.
Erie, July 8, 1848. 1y9 J. R. COCHRAN.

NEW GOODS

THE subscribers are just receiving a very full stock of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS consisting of almost every variety of *Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware* and *Queens Ware,* all of which have been purchased at unusual low rates and will be sold as low cast any other House in Erie. They invite their old customers, Ladies and Gentlemen in particular, and the public generally, to call and examine their assortment before purchasing elsewhere J. HUGHES & Co.
Erie, June 10, 1848. 4

Shawls! Shawls!!
LONG AND SQUARE.

100 DIFFERENT PATTERNS, including the all wool Long Shawl, Cashimere, Broche, Turkish Wool, Brocade, Stradilla, and all other styles to be found new and cheap at
Sept. 29. C. B WRIGHT'S

Fashionable Dress Goods.

NOW opening, direct from Boston, a choice selection of Dress Goods of New styles, such as Paris Mozinos, satin stripe Brocade and changeable Cashmeres, (very beautiful,) also, imperial and changeable Lustres, *striped and plaid do., figured,* printed and embroidered Cashmeres, (the late styles,) together with a great variety of *French and English De Laines, &c. &c.,* to which I invite the attention of the Ladies. C. B. WRIGHT.
Sept. 29, 1848.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS Testamentary on the estate of John Burton, late of Millcreek township in the county of Erie, deceased, having this day been granted the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the said estate, to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the said estate, to present them to the subscribers properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN BURTON, } Executors.
Millcreek, Oct. 11, 1848. LEWIS BURTON, }

PAINTING AGAIN.

P. GLAZIER, would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie and vicinity that he has again taken to the pot and brush, and is now ready to execute all orders in the line of Painting and Glazing which his old customers and friends may see fit to entrust to him. Canal Boats "brushed up" on the shortest notice. Please give him a call. Shop at his dwelling, 8th street near the Canal.
Erie, April 29, 1848. 3m30

NEW Temperance Tale, Mary Grover or the Trusty Wife, at
June 28, June 28. SPAFFORD'S.

SELF Control, a novel, by Mary Burton, at
June 28 SPAFFORD'S.

BARNES' Notes on James, Peter, John and Jude, at
June 28. SPAFFORD'S.

Wanted Immediately!

THE Balance on all notes and accounts due the subscriber, and the late firm of Burkhart & Mayer. Persons interested will oblige by calling and adjusting the same before the first of June next. May 12. codtf MATHIAS MAYER.

LADIES' Dress Goods, consisting of Lawns, Balzarines, Linnen and Cotton Ginghams, Calico &c., just opened at No. 5, Cheapside, by GEO. SELDEN & SON.
June 10, 1848. 4

Steam Engines and Boilers.

WE are now prepared to make to order High Pressure Engines suitable for Mills or other Machinery, and furnish Boilers of the most approved kinds, on short notice and at the very lowest rates. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
May 4, 1848. 51

BULWER'S new novel, Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, at
June 28. SPAFFORD'S.

SHAWLS and Dress Goods—the choicest lot in the City, at
[June 10] ALLYN & COIT'S.

FRINGES AND GIMPS.—We are now receiving a large assortment of Silk, Worsted, and Linen Fringes. also Gimps of all kinds, *and all the new styles of Dress Trimmings* at METCALF'S.

GROCERIES.—We are now receiving a fresh supply of Groceries, which we offer at great bargains; consisting of Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, &c , &c , upon which we pledge ourselves not to be undersold. Please call and satisfy yourselves at No. 1, Reed House.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Please call and examine our large stock of Gentlemen's Fine and Heavy Boots and Shoes, also a great variety of Ladies' and Misses' Gaiters, Whiking Shoes, and Slips, and all kinds of children's shoes, and Ladies', Gents, and childrens overshoes, at No. 1, REED HOUSE.

SALERATUS.—Saleratus by the box or cask, always on hand and for sale cheaper than at any other place in town. Enquire at the Tin Shop of JOSEPH KELSEY,
Erie, Aug. 10, 1848. corner French and Fifth sts.

CANAL LAMPS.—Thick Glass, suitable for Lamps and Lanterns, by May 12. CARTER & BROTHER.

CARPETING AND OIL CLOTHS.—A very handsome lot of new Carpeting and Oil Cloths arriving at the Old Jew store of
french street MOSES KOCH.
Erie Sept. 29 1848.

BENCH, Moulding and Match Planes, and a general assortment Carpenters and Joiners Tools.
Oct. 21. G. SELDEN & SON.

GIMPS and Fringes.—A good assortment at
Oct. 6. TIBBALS & DEWY ECS.

GINGHAMS.—English, French, Scotch and American Ginghams, cheap at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S
Oct 6.

New and Popular Publications, from Press of HARPER & BROTHERS.

JUST received at the Bookstore of O. D. Spafford, the following new and popular works, from the press of Harper & Brothers, viz:
Loiterings in Europe—by Jno. W. Corson, M. D.
William the Cottager—by author of Helen Herbert.
Angela—by the author of Amelia Wyndham, &c.
The above desirable reading will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms. Call soon.
N. B.—O. D. S. has make arrangements with the Harpers, by which he will be in receipt of their new works immediately after publication. June 14, 1848.

CRASS CLOTHS for skirts and Sun bonnets; red French window Muslin, Pointed Landscape Shades, and other rich New Goods, just received per express and railroad by
June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

Take Notice.

PREPARATORY to going East for my stock, I will sell *Dry Goods* at cost, for cash and Groceries. Iron, Nails, Salt, &c., at a small advance from *cost.* Borough warrants, and most kinds of country produce received in payment. Cash wanted on old debts in ten days. SMITH JACKSON.
Erie, Sept. 7, 1848. 17

HARDWARE.

A GENERAL assortment of Shelf Hardware and Cutlery.
Oct. 21. G. SELDEN & SON

TEAS! TEAS!! TEAS!!!
NEW YORK CANTON TEA COMPANY'S AGENCY,
No. 1, Perry Block, State St., Erie, Pa.

真眼正珠生

T. W. MOORE,

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Tea-drinking inhabitants of this city and vicinity to the *Canton Tea Company's Superior Teas*—subject in all cases to be returned if not approved of. Among which may be found:

GREENS.

Good YOUNG HYSON,	$0 50	per lb.
Fine do	63	"
No. 2 Fragrant do	75	"
No 3 very Fine do	1 00	"
Good HYSON,	75	"
Very Fine do	1 00	"
Good HYSON SKIN,	50	"
Good IMPERIAL,	75	"
Very Fine do	1 00	"
Extra Fine do	1 25	"
Good GUNPOWDER,	75	"
Fine do	1 25	"

BLACKS.

No 1 SOUCHONG,	$0 50	per lb.
No 2 do	63	"
Finest do	75	"
Fragrant POWCHONG,	various prices,	
CONGO,	various prices,	
Fine OOLONG,	50	"
Very Fine do	75	"
Extra Fine do	1 00	"
NINGYONG,	various prices.	
HOWQUA, or finest Black Tea imported,	1 00	"

TAKE NOTICE!—The Canton Tea Company are the exclusive venders of the superior Black Tea called "HOWQUA'S MIXTURE."

Every package, (in addition to its containing full weight independent of the wrapper,) bears the stamp of neatness and elegance, and the Teas therein are so thoroughly secured from light and air, that their quality and power will remain unimpaired in any climate. For sale at No 1. Perry Block.

ARRIVAL OF SPLENDID GOODS
At the Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Store of
G. LOOMIS & Co.

HAVING made large additions to our former stock by recent purchases in New York, and extended our business for the manufacture and sale of work in our line, we shall in a few days be prepared to accommodate the public with a good assortment which, for quantity, quality and cheapness, has never been excelled, if equaled, in this city.

The stock comprises clocks, watches, Jewelry, lamps, girandoles, looking glasses plated and britannia ware, Bohemian ware, musical instruments, gold pens, fine cuttlery, Steel Work, together with numerous fashionable articles, suitable for the Summer and Fall trade. Particulars hereafter, when at least a *look* will be expected at the goods.

N.B. All kinds of clocks, watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner by experienced workmen. Also, seal and other engraving done on short notice.

State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, and one door below Spafford's Bookstore. Erie, July 1, 1848.

WINES & LIQUORS,

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block by
June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

JUST RECEIVED

AT MRS. ROOD'S Millinery Establishment, a new assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Artificials, &c. which the ladies are invited to examine. May 12, 1848.

BONNET RIBBONS of the latest styles from 10cts. to 22cts per yard, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S

RUTLAND BRAID, "Gipsy," Bird, Dunstable, Open Straw Jenny Lind, China Pearl, Rough & Ready, Mixed Straw English, French and Gimp Bonnets, of the latest styles, for sale a reduced prices, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

FRENCH English and American Prints, Spring styles; Jenny Linds from 4 to 12½ cents per yard, the highest price at
June 9 1848. TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.

MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she has taken the well know stand in the Reed House Row, recently occupied by M. W. Keith, where she has now and purposes keeping constantly on hand, a large variety of CONFECTIONARIES,

of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Pounded Eggs, Cold Fowls, Boiled ham, Pork and Beans, Hot Coffee, Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention.

Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies who may wish to eat Ice Cream. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of Buffalo, and will endeavor to afford universal satisfaction. She indulges the hope that the liberal patronage which was extended to her predecessor will be continued to her.
Erie, May 10, 1848.

SUB-SOIL PLOW!—Farmers are invited to examine a newly invented Plow which obviates the necessity of "cross-plowing," and made and offered for sale at the Erie Steam Foundry, by
May 6, 1848. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

HOUSE TRIMMINGS—*A good assortment of all kinds of* Locks, and House Trimmings to be had unusually cheap, or
June 10. C. B. WRIGHT

Shawls! Shawls!

SILK, printed Cashmere, Tissue and M. de Lane Shawls just received by TIBBALS & DEWEY.
(May 17.)

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A large assortment of Guitars, Accordeons, Violins, Flutes, Flageolets, Clarionets, Drums and Fifes. Guitar, Violin, and Bass Viol Strings, Pegs, &c.
July 14, 1848. G. LOOMIS & Co., State street.

SHINGLES.—A good article kept constantly on hand on the corner, by C. B. Wright.
July 14, 1848.

Country Merchants,

SUPPLIED with Dr. Jayne's Medicines and the India Cholagogue at wholesale prices, by the agents.
July 14, 1848. BURTON & PERKINS.

LOAF SUGAR on commission of A. King's ware house.
May 10 RUST & KELSEY.

Harborcreek Woollen Factory.

THE proprietors of this establishment, having made considerable *addition* to their machinery which is all new and of the best kind, and having experienced workmen in all the different branches of their business, are ready to exchange cloth for wool or manufacture for pay, by the yard, on reasonable terms. They have on hand a large quantity of different kinds of cloth, flannels, *blankets, shawls,* cassimeres, and tweeds, as well as light summer-wear of different bodies and qualities, to exchange for wool. We give one yard of cloth for 2½ pounds of wool, as goodas the wool will make.

Carding and Cloth-Dressing done as usual.

All kinds of produce taken for pay, and a liberal discount Cash.

P S—We are preparing to make Broadcloth.
RHODES, CASS & Co.
Harborcreek, May 1848 Formerly Thornton & Co

LOOKING GLASSES.—Just opening, a splendid lot of Gilt and Mahogany Frames of various sizes and prices, all warranted to improve the looks, by G. LOOMIS & Co.,
Erie, July 14, 1848. State street.

SPECTACLES of Gold, Silver, and German Silver Frames, an extensive assortment of concave and convex. Also, the celebrated Perifocal Spectacle, superior to any in use.
July 14, 1848. G. LOOMIS & Co., State street.

GOLD AND SILVER ARTICLES.—An extensive variety of Breast-Pins, Bracelets, Rings, Lockets, Chains, Pencils &c., of the latest styles. Also, Mammoth and other Gold Pens of the different makers, Silver Pencils, Brooches, and Head Ornaments. In short, the public will find more things than the Printers tell for, as it's not intended to over-rate the stock; still we would add that Microscopes, for magnifying *small* objects, can be found as usual at G. LOOMIS & Co.'s,
July 14, 1848. State st., nearly opposite Eagle Hotel

A Book for the Times.

KINGS and Queens, or life in the Palace, consisting of Historical sketches of Louis Phillip, Nicholas, Lepold, Isabella II, Victoria, &c. June 28. SPAFFORD'S

TIME IN GREAT VARIETY.—Clocks of different kinds, including Kirk's Marine Clock, a late invention. Also, Gold and Silver Watches, a fine assortment to select a good time-keeper from, for sale very low, at G. LOOMIS & Co.'s,
July 14, 1848. State street.

SILVER WARE.—Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Tongs, Ladles, Forks, Butter and Fruit Knives always on hand or manufactured to order. *Silver warranted equal to* coin, and no charge for engraving. G. LOOMIS & Co.,
July 14, 1848. nearly opposite the Eagle.

JUST received and for sale low,
500 lbs. Horse Shoes,
300 lbs. " " Nails,
at the Hardware Store of H. CADWELL.
July 14, 1848.

RAKES.—23 doz. Rakes for sale at the manufacturer's prices, by C. B. WRIGHT.

MORE LIGHT.—New style Solar Lamps, Camphene and Lard Suspending and Side Lamps, Girandoles, Plated, Branch, and other Candlesticks, at G. LOOMIS & Co's,
Erie, July 14, 1848. nearly opposite the Eagle.

FRESH FRUITS

PINE Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Figs, Raisins, Currants &c., for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by
June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

WHITE FISH AND TROUT.

59 BBLS. White Fish and Mackinac Trout, just received by the Steamer Louisiana. For sale at No. 1, Perry Block, by
Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W MOORE.

FAMILY GROCERIES.

JUST received a fresh supply of Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses Spice, s'pepper, Starch, etc., etc., for sale very low by
June 10, 1848. ALLYN & COIT.

KID and Seal Slippers and Walking Shoes, Men's Gaiters and Slippers at the old Jew Store, French street. M. KOCH.
April 13, 1848. 4

Lumber Wanted

I WILL pay CASH for 500,000 feet of Hemlock Lumber, delivered at my dock in Erie. Bills will be given for the find wanted Also for any quantity of Popular, Cucumber, White Oak, White Ash, Cherry, Chestnut and common Pine Lumber.
Erie, April 22, 1848. WM. TRUESDAIL.

New Concern.

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire stock of Merchandize lately owned by *W. C. & R. P. Hufbert,* respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public